

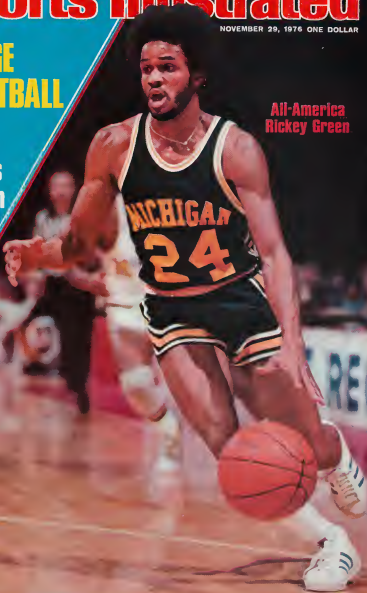
# Sports Illustrated

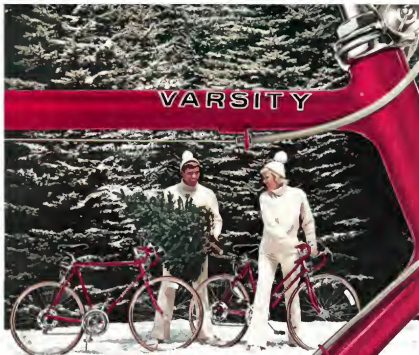
NOVEMBER 29, 1976 ONE DOLLAR

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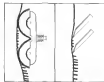
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### Next Week

*THE COBRAS* are what Latin American boxers ride in when they reach the top—and a lot of them are getting there. Of the 25 titles, 16 are held by Latins. Pat Putnam describes the hard road they have to drive.

*THE SNAKE* can notch a win in less than six seconds, but Don Prudhomme, drag racing's premier performer, spends weary hours trailering his Funny Car from track to track. Bruce Newman goes along for the ride.

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# BOOKTALK

by BILL GILBERT

WHETHER YOU HAVE A HUSKY, BULLDOG OR TERRIER, A WOLF IS AT THE DOOR

When it comes to animal writing, the publishing Establishment too often seems to believe that for a book to become popular, otters, lions, quail or whoever must be portrayed as odd humans in heavily drag who cut up in anthropomorphic ways that readers will find clever or heartwarming. On the other hand, there also is a strong academic tradition that, in order to be scientific, reports on species other than *Homo sapiens* must be *tergud*, jargon-encrusted and no more than semiliterate. Almost any issue of the *Journal of Mammalogy* will yield splendid, so to speak, examples of this style.

Fortunately for both art and science, there are iconoclasts who do not find it necessary to debauch their information with either Late Latinate or Dissertation Gothic. Laurence Klauber on rattlesnakes, George Schaller on gorillas, Konrad Lorenz on animal behavior are among recent authors who have produced popular and yet substantive books in this field. And now *The Order of Wolves* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$13.95), by Richard Fienies, a prominent British mammalogist, deserves to be included in this category.

Fienies' book is a lucid, accurate review of much of our current knowledge and speculation about the wolf and wolflike animals. Its scope is much broader than the title suggests; the author regards all doglike mammals as descendants of wolves.

An especially strong and thoughtful section deals with the physical and behavioral evolution of the canids from the wolflike prototype of the Pliocene. In it Fienies emphasizes the enormous effect that man has had on the development of these animals and, so a dog, the effect of wolves on men. He feels that we and they are the two greatest hunting clams ever to evolve and that both of us became what we are largely because of our experiences on the glacial tundra—which in that sense might be called "the true cradle of civilization." During the long, cold course of things, the wolves opted in an evolutionary sense for physical ability, while man became the thinker and tool user. The latter has proved to be the more successful alternative.

Depending chiefly on wit, man became the only true predator who could bring down any other creature no matter how large, swift or ferocious. In contrast, the wolves, despite their marvelous physical endowments (which incidentally are beautifully illustrated in this volume), could not advance beyond being very effective scavengers. Whereas a man can

continued

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### BOOK TALK continued

take the biggest, sleekest individual—the trophy specimen—from a herd of caribou, wolves can generally only cull the herd, that is, bring down infirm, old or young animals. It is an instructive point, well worth remembering not only in connection with the wolves but also in regard to all other "predators."

Though these two premier social hunters, wolves and men, obviously were in competition for prey at times, there were also circumstances, Finnes believes, in which co-operation could and did occur. For example, haying wolves might alert hunting men to the presence of game and even unintentionally hold it until the slow-footed men arrived with their weapons. Wolves, on the other hand, might benefit by scavenging on the remains of kills made by men. From these beginnings, the long association between wolf and mankind commenced. Beyond its practical aspects, it flourished because there are similarities in the essential nature of the two creatures that provide for a subtle kind of mutual understanding. Both, at least at the start, were opportunistic hunters, social animals in whom there developed an acceptance of hierarchical arrangements, a loyalty to hunting companions and obedience to authority. Furthermore, as man began to understand the value of having wolf-dogs at his side he embarked on the most prolonged of all selective-breeding projects. It is reasonable to assume that when early man took wolflike pups to raise he selected those most useful or appealing, i.e., the swiftest, smartest or those whose color or shape most pleased him. Assuredly, he saved out the pups which were the most responsive to him. This process continued through the ages and eventually produced the extraordinary rapport that exists between men and dogs, the once-upon-a-time wolves.

In considering how modern domestic dogs have descended from wild canids, Finnes disagrees with, among others, Lorenz, who once had suggested that the ancestor of many breeds was the jackal. Finnes thinks otherwise and makes a strong case that our contemporary dogs can be traced back to four broad wolf types. From the dingos (Asian wolves) came Chows, Samoyeds, Basenjis and a good many of the toy breeds. Huskies, collies, Alsatians and terriers are descendants of Northern wolves. Greyhounds, wolfhounds and deerhounds are derived from North African wolves, while the mastiffs, bulldogs, retrievers and field dogs come from species of wolves that inhabited mountain forests and gave most of this group of dogs their good noses (Tundra and plains wolves are largely sight hunters because the flat terrain makes their prey easy to spot).

The Order of Wolves is an authoritative, thoughtful and engaging book about animals which for thousands of years have been closer to us physically, socially, emotionally—and perhaps even intellectually, as Finnes suggests—than any other creatures.

END





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Little Furman University (enrollment 2,300) of Greenville, S.C., has been having fun with comparative scores. You know how that's played. Sure, Michigan beat Ohio State last Saturday on national TV in one of the big games of the year (page 82) but wait—Michigan lost to Purdue, which lost to Notre Dame, which lost to Georgia Tech, which lost to Navy, which lost to William & Mary, which lost to Furman. Is it fair that Michigan, and not Furman, is going to the Rose Bowl?

You say that's a mighty slender string on which to hang an invitation to Pasadena on New Year's Day? Furman fans neatly reverse their field and point out that while USC walloped UCLA (page 24) to gain the other Rose Bowl berth, USC lost to Missouri, which lost to Illinois, which lost to Baylor, which lost to Houston, which lost to Florida, which lost to North Carolina, which lost to North Carolina State, which lost to—who else?—Furman.

If you're not convinced by now, there's nothing more we can do. Go, Furman! Go, Paladins! Beat Wofford! Which they did last Saturday, 56-14.

## PROJECTING MISSOURI

Although the AP and UPI weekly rankings of college football teams are read eagerly by everybody who follows the sport, including us, they really don't make a whole lot of sense. Jerry Claiborne, coach of undefeated Maryland, noted earlier in the season that his team, which has been accused of playing a generally soft schedule, climbed in the rankings as it beat the easy marks and then dropped a notch on two straight occasions when it decisively defeated teams that were considered reasonably tough.

Pittsburgh, too, has had an undemanding schedule; in fact, it played three teams that also played Maryland. Maryland defeated all three (Duke, West Virginia and Syracuse) by substantially wider margins than Pitt did. Yet Pitt has been ranked

No. 1, while Maryland has been hovering around sixth.

Or take the Missouri-Tulsa situation. Missouri, that strange team, lost five games this season, but it played seven of the teams ranked in the Top 20 in the UPI coaches poll; Tulsa played one. Missouri defeated four of those teams and lost to the others by one, four and seven points; Tulsa was soundly beaten by the Top 20 team it played. In the UPI poll released a week ago, Missouri was unranked; Tulsa was 15th. Radicalous.

The Dunkel Ratings, a complicated system in which a team's won-lost record is weighed against the strength of its schedule, ranked Pitt 13th last week and Maryland, before it defeated soft-touch Virginia to complete its undefeated season, 11th. Battered old Missouri was ninth. Tulsa wasn't in the Top 30.

## WOMAN'S WAY

There's this man on a train in England, see? And he notices this girl, and he decides to put a little move on her. Well, let the lady tell it. Perhaps you should first be told that her name is Janis Kerr and that she is the English women's shot-put champion, and that she is six feet tall and weighs a little over 200 pounds. She was sitting alone on the train, reading,

when the man approached her, leering. "He stood over me and his intentions seemed quite clear," says Kerr. "So I had a go. He really did not know what hit him. It was a beauty."

The go lasted four minutes, while Kerr struggled to hang on to the man—his interest in her suddenly having waned—until the train stopped at a station. "I was determined to hold him for the police," she said, and did.

Her husband, Andy Kerr, a 6' 2", 260-pound weight lifter, said approvingly, "She fights like a wild animal. When we had play fights I soon discovered she could handle herself."

Mrs. Kerr had a previous bout with a masher on a train. "That time," she said, "I was sitting alone when a guy put his hand on my knee. I told him to stop it immediately. But he persisted, so I whipped him one."

Of her latest encounter, she said, "I think I scored one for every woman who has found herself being molested in this sort of situation. It happens far too often these days. Something has got to be done to stop it."

Like whipping them one

## BEAUTIFUL

Having two players with the rare skills of George McGinnis and Julius Erving on the same team may not necessarily guarantee the Philadelphia 76ers the NBA championship, but it does make for some breathtaking moments. One such, reported by *The Washington Post*, came in a game between the 76ers and the Bulls when McGinnis, heading toward the basket on a breakaway with only Dave Bost to beat, saw out of the corner of his eye that Erving was trailing on the play. Instead of going in over Bing, or pulling up for a jumper or trying one of his sleight-of-hand hesitation moves, McGinnis suddenly stopped and lobbed the ball underhand straight up in the air. Erving, reacting instantly, took off from the free-throw line, grabbed the ball as it sat there in midair waiting for him and laid it in for the score.

## TO BE SPECIFIC

Erving's spectacular layup may have been esthetically satisfying, but it did nothing for his slam-dunk average. Slam-dunk average? That's just the latest in a multitude of basketball minutiae kept by Harvey Pollack, the 76ers' director of publicity and the NBA's undisputed Sub-

continued



tan of Stats. Pollack likes to keep track of such things, but it isn't always easy. When in an official play-by-play report of a 76er game in Houston he found seven entries saying "Erving, layup," he didn't believe it. He fired off memos to every publicity man in the league imploring them to "be sure your play-by-play man knows the difference between a lay-up and a dunk."

Pollack's concern for detail is reflected in his 76er yearbook, which is rich in trivia. Examples:

- The most common point spread in the first 12,968 NBA games ever played was the first occurring 949 times, 128 more than second-place four. The largest spread ever was 63 (Los Angeles over Golden State, 162-99, in 1972).
- The Pac 8 has supplanted the Big Ten as the leading producer of NBA talent (28 players). California is the No. 1 state (34), UCLA the No. 1 college (12).
- Cleveland had the biggest team last season. The average Cavalier was 6' 7.08" and weighed 211.08 pounds. An average Portland Trail Blazer was a runty 6' 4.86", an average Houston Rocket a frail 198 pounds.
- The most popular months for NBA birthdays were November and July, with 23 each. June had only 10.
- Last season a total of 682 technical fouls was called, netting the league \$37,650 in fines. Boston Coach Tommy Heinsohn led with 33. Chicago's Norm Van Lier topped the players with 23.
- The most popular uniform number was 10. Tied for second were 15 and 42. The onetime leader, 24, slumped to third. Only two players wore 1. Two wore 13. (This season one player, Robert Parish of Golden State, is wearing 00, but that's "for next year's book.")

#### THINKING MAN'S TEAM

Never underestimate the memory of an Original Met fan. No sooner had we mentioned that four members of the 1962 New York Mets, possibly the worst team in big-league history, are currently pitching coaches in the majors (SCORECARD, Nov. 22) than we received indignant word that three other members of that justly maligned team are now passing on their accumulated wisdom to today's players. Catchers Joe Pignatano and Chris Cannizzaro are coaches with the Mets (Joe) and the Atlanta Braves (Chris), and Third Baseman Don Zimmer is manager of the Boston Red Sox.

And if you move onward to the 1963 Mets, who were better—but not much—you can add Catcher Norm Sherry, manager of the California Angels, and Pitcher Larry Bearman, who was a coach for the Montreal Expos last season.

Two managers and seven coaches from one of the most bizarre collections of players in major league history. Surely, that's one for the book.

#### BITTER PILL

Last year about this time (SCORECARD, Nov. 17, 1975) we reported on the penchant of Indianapolis' Cathedral High football team for upsetting opponents with terrific winning streaks. The Irish snapped, among other things, skeins of 60 and 24 victories. This season Cathedral continued to be a spoiler, knocking off rivals who had won six, seven, eight and 11 in a row.

A Cathedral supporter who supplied us with this information added, nervously, "Someday we are going to get our own medicine fed back to us." His words proved prophetic. When Cathedral met Merrillville for the Indiana state AAA title last Friday night, it had stretched its own win streak to 20. The Irish lost that championship game in the last two minutes 28-24 and, we imagine, swallowed hard.

#### LOUSING THINGS UP?

The proposed Dickey-Lincoln dam system on the St. John River in northern Maine may not be built because a rare species of wild snapdragon called Furbish losewort has been found growing in the area that would be flooded. Environmentalists say the plant may come under the Endangered Species Act, which bars Federal funds from projects that would damage or destroy the habitat of plants or animals in danger of extinction.

Richard Dyer, the botanist who revealed the existence of the losewort, says there is nothing special about the plant, other than its rarity, and that it is ludicrous to imagine its existence alone could halt a multimillion-dollar project. But he says it symbolizes the change in the environment the damming of the St. John would cause, with its drowning of 88,000 acres of forest land.

Opinion in Maine appears divided on whether the vast hydroelectric project, said to be larger than Egypt's Aswan Dam, should go ahead or be stopped. The Portland Press Herald, suggesting that

the plants might be moved, wrote facetiously, "While we bow to no man in our delight at the news that Furbish losewort is not, as we had feared, extinct, we would modestly submit that an accommodation may be yet achieved. There is no gainsaying the wisdom of legislation designed to protect and preserve, among other things, Furbish losewort. Yet, having said that, is it not possible to safely transplant this botanical Lazarus to another nearby location? Mind you, we're just asking."

The Bangor Daily News took the opposite stand. "Three cheers for the Furbish losewort," it wrote. "May it long grace the banks and adjacent lowlands of the St. John River. . . . As we view it, the Dickey dam issue is just now beginning to take focus. The spotlight is on [the] Furbish losewort and all it stands for—including a beautiful free-flowing river."

#### THE SMELL OF MONKEY

In August 1970, the Cincinnati Reds were in New York for a series with the Mets, and a 19-year-old rookie pitcher from Kentucky named Don Gullett was taking a long look at the big town. He didn't like it.

"I'd give one house in the country for the whole city," he said. "All you can see is buildings and long-haired people. There's no fresh air. I can't take that, not even out on the mound when you're pitching. You're surrounded by so many people that the air smells."

Last week, after Gullett left the Reds to sign a six-year contract with the New York Yankees for a sum in the neighborhood of \$2 million, he said, "It wasn't a hard decision for me. There's something special about pitching in Yankee Stadium."

#### THEY SAID IT

• Mike Downey, *Chicago Daily News* sportswriter, on the jumping ability of Denver's David Thompson: "The last time anybody jumped like that in Chicago was when Mayor Daley asked an alderman to get him a cup of coffee."

• Jeff Morrow, University of Minnesota tackle, after he injured his right knee and sprained his left ankle. "I can't even limp."

• Sal Bando, asked how he felt about leaving the Oakland A's to sign with the Milwaukee Brewers: "Was it difficult leaving the Titanic?"

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# USC IS RIGHT ON PITCH

*With Vince Evans calling the tune and Ricky Bell running to beat the band, the Trojans scored a notable victory over rival UCLA to walk into the Rose Bowl*

by John Underwood

The game that decided the Pac 8 race, the Western half of the Rose Bowl pairing and the championship of Los Angeles, was won last Saturday by USC. The Trojans beat UCLA 24-14 because 1) Ricky Bell was back, as intimidating as ever, rushing for more yards (167) on one good ankle than the whole UCLA team with its multiple good ankles and its tremendous rushing record; 2) because during a 20-minute stretch in the second half, when the Trojans ballooned a 7-0 lead to 24-0, the massive, spirit-numbing USC defense held the Bruins to the distance of a good downwind spit (17 yards) in five possessions; and 3) because Vince Evans can too throw a football into the Grand Canyon while standing next to it, as previously doubted here.

And because that ain't all Evans can do.

You may remember Vincent Tobias Evans. When the Trojans fell from grace in 1975 by losing their last four games, Evans was the quarterback who threw seven of every 10 passes into the incompleteness column. And it was Evans who got benched in Seattle one sleety November day in favor of a third-stringer who had such a conspicuous lack of talent he eventually wound up playing safety. And it was Evans who came back against UCLA in the final wrenching defeat of '75 to throw 14 straight incom-

plete passes and finish the season with four times as many interceptions as he had touchdown passes. As a 29% passer and a 100% bust in John McKay's somewhat melancholy final year as USC coach, it was Evans who inspired the popular Southern California bumper sticker: SAVE USC FOOTBALL. SHOOT VINCE EVANS. (Surely, now you must remember.)

Well, a wonderful thing happened to Vince Evans on his way to the boneyard. He got reborn. John Robinson, McKay's successor, hired Paul Hackett, a young coach off the California staff who has a way with quarterbacks (Joe Roth and Steve Bartkowski). Robinson and Hackett then rushed Vince Evans into intensive care. And the first thing Hackett realized was that a silk purse had been made into a sow's ear. Not by McKay but by circumstances.

Evans had come off the campus of Los Angeles City College, a strong-armed 6'2", 204-pound specimen who was so fine an athlete everybody naturally figured he would fit right in. But in junior college Evans had operated a Veer offense, which requires the quarterback to run and make option pitches and, periodically, to contemplate throwing a forward pass. Before that, in his hometown of Greensboro, N.C., he had been a single-wing tailback. In short, here was a

runner trying to quarterback the USC Power-I, which required him not only to relay the ball to Ricky Bell 30 to 40 times a game but to throw enough passes to take some of the heat off, and to think about where those passes might go.

"Plus that, he was following Pat Haden, who not only could do it all but had been doing it since he was in junior high," says Hackett. "Vince was thoroughly discouraged." Evans told Hackett he had "always been unsure" of himself. Furthermore, he said, his uncertainties did not end at the sideline. He told publicist Jim Perry he had the same trouble with girls—"Before I can make my move on one I like, somebody else has her."

Hackett did not coddle his patient. In the weeks and months that followed, he tempered daily doses of expertise and encouragement with the solemn facts of life at the top. "If you screw up, you're out," he told Evans. "Rob Henel is good enough right now to play. We'll make you a flanker." He did not want to minimize the pressure. Another USC assistant reminded Evans that Vincent means "the conqueror" in Latin.

"Did it work? You're damn right it worked," Hackett beamed in a slightly halmy postgame USC dressing room Saturday. (He noted that his protégé was busy describing the game to a group of writers nearby.) "I practically had to kick him out of my office."

Robinson ordered up new blueprints for the Trojan passing game. He gave Evans shorter patterns and better keys for quicker releases to cut down on sacks

*continued*

*Much credit for USC's success belongs to Quarterback Evans and his newly acquired confidence*





and avoid some of the indecision that leads to interceptions. "I told him the object was to see if he could throw the ball to somebody instead of through them or over them. He said, 'Oh, now I get it.'"

Since the season-opening 46-25 loss to Missouri—obviously no fault of the offense—the Trojans have won nine straight, and Evans has not had a bad game. When Bell went out with an ankle injury against California, Evans took up the slack, running and passing. When Washington put everybody but the registrar on the line to stop the USC running attack, USC passed for 204 yards. Evans went from a 29% passer to a 52-percent and threw only three interceptions—and had thrown for more than 1,000 yards going into the UCLA game. Too, he was obviously more assertive. At the end of the final practice on Friday, the USC band came onto the field, honking and thumping, and formed a semi-circle around the players. Impromptu dances drew four of them into the revelry. One was Evans. He boldly picked out the cutest girl in the majorette line for his partner.

What you would expect to read at this point is how Vince Evans' heroics the next day led to what Ricky Bell called "our paycheck" of UCLA, an account of Evans' showering the Bruins with canyon-filling passes. Well, not entirely. Evans threw only 13 passes, completing seven for a modest 79 yards. He did not throw a touchdown pass; he *did* throw an interception. He also fumbled the ball away once, though the officials missed the call and gave the ball back to USC. He did run 36 yards to the last USC touchdown.

But Evans' impact on UCLA was greater than these statistics show, because he made it in advance. Terry Donahue, the UCLA coach who, like Robinson, has had an alumni-spoiling first year as a head coach—the Bruins were 9-0-1 and ranked second beforehand—as good as said it two nights earlier. Nursing a Coors at the Beverly Hilton after taping his weekly television show, Donahue was mulling over the game's problems. He said when two teams like this are matched, "it is usually a conservative game, and I can be as conservative as Woody Hayes if I have to be." Then when he was done with the obvious—USC girth against UCLA guile, the blade of the UCLA Veer against the ax handle of the USC Power-I—he made one last tell-



For the first time in weeks, Bell ran in his accustomed style, leaving a trail of tacklers behind.

tale remark. "Evans scares me," he said.

Evans clearly had. To the general surprise—if not necessarily the dismay—of the USC coaches, UCLA virtually played the Trojans to pass. Which is to say, instead of the thinly disguised eight- and nine-man fronts Bell has come to expect as his reward for being the hardest-running college back in the country, UCLA played it straight—basically a five-man front, but switching to four—and sent its corners deep on passing downs and its linebackers flying to support. In effect, the Bruins dared USC to do what it does best: wear you down with its running game.

It is possible that Donahue thought Bell's left ankle was still tender. Certainly, Bell had been ineffective against Washington the week before, gaining only 21 yards in 12 carries. On Monday he complained of soreness. Trying to run, he was unable to drive forward or make cuts off his left foot. But by Wednesday the pain was gone. Robinson said it was now a matter of regaining the strength in his leg. One way to do that, he said, was to use it.

At the last team meeting on Friday, Robinson outlined for his players how this relentless, sinus-clogging pressure would cause UCLA to lose faith and then

just plain lose. "Boom, boom, boom," he said, thrusting his fist forward in a facsimile of a piston rod, presumably Ricky Bell. Imaginary heads popped back at each thrust (Robinson once said of Bell that he not only hurts your body, he hurts your thinking. "How'd you like to be a 180-pound defensive back, catching that first blow? It'd be like the first punch in a fight. *Woo!* You say to yourself, 'Boy, I've got 14 more rounds of this!'") "You go after 'em, and you keep it up," he told the players, "and keep it up, boom, boom, boom! And even though they may stop you for a while, they see through the ups and downs that you're still coming at 'em, boom, boom, boom! Still doing it. In the end, they'll crack. They'll crack."

However, Bell seemed a rather tentative runner in the scoreless first quarter, and UCLA was not outplayed. But on USC's first possession in the second, Bell ran a power sweep right and gained 13 yards, nipping through tacklers and taking a clawing knot of them into a massive heap upfield. From that moment on, he was a gathering cloud rapidly filling UCLA's horizon. "I could see it in his eyes," Robinson said.

There was, however, a new problem. USC's two fine fullbacks, Dave Farmer and Moki Tatupu, had leg cramps, and,



EVANS/CHAPMAN/STILLERMAN/STILLERMAN/STILLERMAN

though they continued to spell one another. Robinson feared they would both go down. He discussed the possibility of moving Bell to fullback and playing his sensational freshman tailback, Charles White. He held back, however, and through the first half kept Bell more or less under wraps. Ricky carrying only 11 times for 47 yards.

There was little to separate the two teams in the first 30 minutes, neither mounted a serious threat, and it would have been fitting if neither had scored by halftime. This was not to be, however, because of an exquisite fluke. Slicing through a hole on the left side early in the second quarter, UCLA Halfback Theotis Brown suddenly came detached from the ball—he might have hit it with his knee coming up, a grotesque piece of body English, or perhaps it was knocked loose by Linebacker Rod Martin—and while still in the air the ball was met by the oncoming Dennis Thurman, USC's safety. Hello, goodbye. A cut to the outside and Thurman had run 47 yards to the UCLA end zone.

It was Thurman, an excellent defensive back who entered the game tied for second in the nation in intercepting passes, who was principally responsible for blunting the explosive—well, previously

explosive—UCLA Veer. Thurman was one of those Donahue had mulled over two nights before while wrapped around his second beer, which he left untouched, one of "the 15 USC has who they say are good enough to get drafted by the pros. I say to myself, boy, if they're that good, what am I doing here?"

On UCLA's first possession of the second half—an immensely promising one because it came after a pass interception at the USC 44—Donahue had his cards face up. In potential four-down territory, Quarterback Jeff Dunkworth was ordered to throw three straight passes—all incomplete. UCLA had to punt. It was, Robinson said later, an apparent admission that the Bruins had lost faith in their running game. From then until the game was out of reach, UCLA did not make another first down and did not get out of its own territory.

With Bell now running the pitches and sweeps and occasional counters and palpably gaining confidence ("When he's healthy like that, he's the best in the country," said Donahue), and with Evans picking his spots to dump off little delay passes or to give quick feeds to his rejuvenated fullbacks, the Trojans drove 57 yards to a field goal—which they had to settle for after a holding penalty—and then never took a backward stride in an all-rush, no-pass, 61-yard touchdown

drive that bridged the third and fourth quarters and as good as settled matters at 17-0. Evans' 36-yard touchdown run followed. He made a half roll to the right, making UCLA think pass, took advantage of Tackle Marvin Powell's block, cut back inside and outran Cornerback Levi Armstrong to the UCLA goal.

Both UCLA touchdowns came in the final four minutes, Brown climaxing a 60-yard drive with a nine-yard run, and Dunkworth sneaking over after a frantic 47-yard drive that followed an onside kick. Although the final score was thus fairly respectable, the Bruins gained 216 yards less than their per-game total offense average. They rushed for only 140 yards, 221 below average.

Too, the rich consolation prize they had hoped for—an Orange Bowl bid—did not materialize. Faced with the possibility of having to match Colorado (providing Nebraska does not beat Oklahoma) with a Far Western team, the Orange Bowl opted for the drawing power of Ohio State, which was shut out by Michigan. Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler now gets to watch USC play Notre Dame before his team meets the Trojans in the Rose Bowl New Year's Day. He gets to curl up in front of his television set and see Ricky Bell, Vince Evans and all the others, and to wonder what he's doing there.

END



Escorted by joyous teammates, Thurman decays in the end zone after picking off a Bruin fumble in air.

# A MATTER OF DOLLARS AND SENSE

The NHL owners went to Florida to party and sunbathe, but wound up trying to deal with the vexing problems that plague hockey: rising salaries, boring games, sagging attendance and the likely loss of several franchises **by Peter Gammons**

**L**ike the British economy and the city of New York, professional hockey is in deep trouble. The danger signs are everywhere: dwindling crowds, inflated salaries, too many boring games, microscopic television ratings and franchises tottering perilously close to bankruptcy. Indeed, the sick condition of the sport turned last week's annual "social" meeting of the NHL's Board of Governors at the Ocean Reef Club in North Key Largo, Fla. into a serious business discussion dominated by one word: survival. No fishing. No tennis. No golf. No lounging in the sun.

"It used to be that we'd have these social meetings and if someone brought up problems or new ideas hardly anyone would even listen," says General Manager Bill Torrey of the New York Islanders. "But not this time. Everyone came prepared to sit down and discuss everything anyone had to say. I guess some people won't go to the dentist until the tooth's abscessed."

In the last 10 years the NHL has tripled in size from six teams to 18, and the WHA has added 12 more teams. During the same period (see chart) NHL player salaries have risen some 533%, and ticket prices have more than doubled. Teams that once allocated 23.9% of their gross income to players' contracts now must allot twice that. And the NHL, remember, is the only established major league without a lucrative television contract to sweeten the pot; NFL clubs, for instance, each receive more than \$2.2 million per year from the networks.

While NHL operating costs have increased, attendance has begun to fall. "When we had just six teams," NHL President Clarence Campbell says, "we frequently played to better than 100% of capacity for a season." During the past two years NHL attendance dropped 10%—more than 1,200 paid admissions per game—and this season the decline is alarming.

Eleven of the NHL's 18 teams have not had even one sellout. The Boston Bruins, who had 117 straight sellouts during the early 1970s, have had only one ca-

capacity crowd: for the return of Bobby Orr, who, as it developed, did not return that night. Boston's season-ticket sales have also dropped by some 2,500.

The Chicago Black Hawks paid \$3 million to Orr in the hope that he would pack their building and help secure a local television contract, but Chicago's attendance is down more than 1,200 per game—and the Hawks still do not have a TV outlet. The Minnesota North Stars have lost 5,000 fans per game the last two years, and recently needed a fresh \$2.5 million stake to help stay afloat. St. Louis has dropped from 99.4% of capacity to 82.5% in the last two years. Both Cleveland and Colorado are drawing fewer people in their new hometowns than they attracted last season in Oakland and Kan-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL RAMBUS



Campbell says NHL players get too big a slice

sas City, respectively; in fact, Cleveland supported its WHA team better than it has the Barons, and the people in Denver have been more enthused about the nightly giveaway of \$5,000 in "Puck Bucks" than the play of the Rockies.

No-shows are another increasing concern. Vancouver has had as many as 2,500 empty seats for announced "sell-outs," and recent crowds in Detroit, where a man was shot to death in the Olympia parking lot after a tennis match two weeks ago, have been less than half of the announced 8,000 to 10,000.

Three recent expansion franchises—Atlanta, Washington and the New York Islanders—have "modified their debt

structure with the league," according to Campbell—meaning they are not currently making payments on their \$6 million admission fees. In approving the move of Kansas City to Denver, the NHL wrote off \$3.5 million of the club's franchise fee. "All things considered, it also cost us about \$11 million for our experiences with a team in Oakland," Campbell says. The next instant disaster area may be in Atlanta, where the Flames—a respectable team on the ice—are woefully underfinanced and need an infusion of at least \$3 million to survive the 1976-77 schedule.

The NHL owners intend to take a hard line on their lodge fellows who cannot pay their bills. "We want no more Oaklands," Campbell says. Indeed, as many as four NHL teams may not be in the league next year.

There will be changes, starting immediately, as the league tries to avert a catastrophe. The haughty old NHL once ignored even basic public relations, but the struggling NHL will enter the marketplace. "We haven't done as much selling and marketing as we should have," says Otto Frenzel, one of the owners of the indigent Pittsburgh Penguins, "but we will—beginning this week—by putting a hard-line corporate approach into ticket and business operations."

Campbell maintains that survival is impossible as long as NHL clubs must commit almost half of their gross income to players' contracts and benefits. "Salaries must get back to 30-32% of the gross pie," he says. "Affluence has taken over, and now many players don't have that spark to do their best. The best incentive for a hockey player is hunger, and we've removed that. We've created a fat cat syndrome, and now we've got to end it—or else."

One obvious way for the NHL to cut back the percentage of income allotted to the players is by eliminating competition through a merger with the rival WHA. "We'll never do that, never," Campbell says. "The WHA clubs we'd want—and there are only two at the most—don't have the resources to in-

demean their dropouts or to pay an NHL expansion fee. And a merger would produce too much litigation."

For its part, the WHA understandably would like to merge with the NHL. "The way we're going now, the WHA won't survive two more years," says Dr. Gerry Wilson, a vice-president of the Winnipeg Jets. Bobby Hull, Winnipeg's best player, agrees. "Without a merger this league can't survive, not with 6,000 fans at every game. Almost every team in the WHA is getting worse. We're not getting the top kids, either, because they don't want to play in a second-rate league." Indeed, the jumping trend has reversed: some of the better WHA players, e.g., Rejean Houle, Jim Harrison and Gerry Cheevers, have defected to the NHL.

Alan Eagleson, the executive director of the NHL's players' association, expects that in the near future hockey's present 30-team establishment will consolidate into one league with a maximum of 20 teams. "The NHL owners think they'll be able to have their tight, neat, little monopoly again," Eagleson says, "but

some other types of competition will pop right up. I even see international tournaments along the line of World Championship Tennis as being a very profitable alternative for the players."

For now, the NHL is not thinking about that. "We've got to get people back into our rinks," says Torrey. "Ticket prices may be a problem, but they wouldn't be a problem if we didn't have so many boring games." Boston General Manager Harry Sinden agrees with Torrey. "We're putting people to sleep," he says. "One team came into our building a few weeks ago and spent the entire game icing the puck or freezing it against the boards. We must have had 50 face-offs in their end of the ice. I don't blame the players; they thought they could win the game that way. I'll tell you this, though. Anyone who was at that game looked at the schedule, found out when that club was in town next and made other plans." Sinden has suggested to the NHL governors that visiting teams be given three points—not the present two—for a victory on the road. "It would

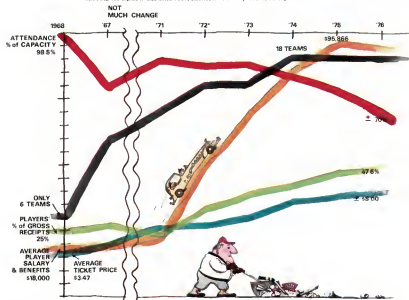
help stimulate competition," he says. No one has laughed at the idea.

Torrey, Sinden and the other general managers—Campbell, too—also would like the referees to stop blowing their whistles so quickly. To a man, they feel the anti-violence rules installed this season were overreactions that have eliminated much of the hitting from the game.

What the NHL needs most, though, is rivalries. "We've got to build up games between the Islanders and Philadelphia, Boston and Buffalo, Chicago and St. Louis," Torrey says. "We need conference identities based on geographic lines, and plenty of games between conference rivals. Familiarity helps breed rivalries, and rivalries attract fans." Divisional rivals meet six times now, but next season this may be increased to 10 or 12. The old "I won't give up one home date with Montreal" argument no longer makes much sense, not when the Canadiens draw only 8,104 in Minnesota, as they did earlier this month.

"But first of all," Campbell says, "we've got to ride out the storm." **END**

*The NHL has tripled in size since 1967; salaries have shot up 533%; ticket prices doubled—and attendance is on the skids*



# THEY'D RATHER BE CONSTANT

*But Instant—as in Instant Offense—is what non-starters Campy Russell and Austin Carr have been for the Cavs*

by Douglas S. Looney

Most of us are not good at waiting, which may explain the success of instant break-fasts and instant loans, instant-on TV sets and screens filled thereafter with instant replays. In this country if you have to wait on it, phooey on it.

Come now the Cleveland Cavaliers, those merry misfits of yore who suddenly reached maturity last year and who this season are even daring to let themselves think they might be the best team in the NBA. The secret of their success? Instant Offense. In fact, a double portion of Instant Offense.

It works like this. Late in the first quarter or so when things start to sag, as they often do for the Cavs, Coach Bill Fitch summons from the bench his Instant Offense—listed in the program as Guard Austin Carr and Forward Campy Russell. At which time the two produce an avalanche of points with their outside shooting. Is there any particular place the coach prefers Carr and Russell to shoot from? "Inside the gym," says Fitch.

This scheme of keeping the team's two best scorers (the 6' 4" Carr averages 15.8 points per game, the 6' 8" Russell 15.3; both play about half the time) on the sidelines for a spell helped Cleveland open the season with eight straight wins. In 1970, says Fitch, "we won one out of our first 16 games, then went into a slump." At the end of last week, Cleveland had an 11-4 record, the second best in the NBA. Most notably, the Cavs are 5-4 on the road, including their recent seven-game trip in which they lost to Atlanta, Detroit, Seattle and New Orleans and beat Milwaukee, Phoenix and Los Angeles.

Most NBA coaches would welcome that sort of road record—especially this year when home teams have won 75% of their games compared to 65% last season—but Fitch will tell you how difficult it all has been. "I've already sweated through two sport coats and lost one bag," he says, "and we've only just begun."

For one of the few times in Cleveland's seven-year history, the Cavs had some luck at the beginning of the sea-

son. Six of their first eight games were at home, where the impact of the huge, bananas-going-berserk crowds at Richfield Coliseum is already legendary around the league. Too, the Cavs are almost the same group of players who knocked off Washington and made it to the Eastern Conference finals last season. And while they have had a few injuries, none of their best players has been hurt. Injuries have always been a Cav bugaboo, particularly to Carr, who during much of his career "has been a disappointment," says Fitch, "only because he couldn't seem to play quite as well with a cast on his leg as without."

Denver Nuggets Coach Larry Brown, whose team also got off to an 8-0 start this year, turned up in Detroit to watch the Cavs against the Pistons, who are coached by his brother Herb. Cleveland lost but Larry Brown gave Fitch high marks for having Carr, Russell and three or four others always ready to jump up and play. "On a lot of other teams," said the Denver coach, "I see guys sitting on the bench with their warmups on but I have the feeling there's nothing on underneath. So if the coach would tell them to get in, the players would have to say, 'Just a minute I have to run get my gym shorts on.'"

To make the system work, Fitch has had to try to dazzle Carr and Campy with his theory that starting isn't important and that being able to come in off the bench is a precious talent. "Games in this league seldom are won in the first eight minutes," Fitch says. "Rather, it's the last five guys on the court at the end who do it." Having digested all this, both players—who often are in at the end—harmonize on that old favorite of athletes, "Yeah, but I'd rather start."

Still, they work together so well that if they were a grocery store, they'd be known as Price and Pride. Both are vegetarians (Carr especially likes almonds and cashews and eats as many as 2,000 a week; Russell loves all vegetables except okra and all fruit except purple grapes, which make him break out) and both dislike being known as Instant Offense. Fitch also loathes the term. Once this year, he sarcastically referred to the Carr/Russell contribution to a winning game as the Savior Offense.



*Carr, his knees sound for a change, tries some O against a little D by Milwaukee's Alec English*

Carr and Russell don't like the Instant idea because it implies all they can do is shoot, whereas both pride themselves on other aspects of the game, like defense. Fitch doesn't like the term because he thinks there is far too much emphasis on who starts and who scores points. After the Detroit loss, Fitch approached Russell, the ex-Michigan star who had scored a team-high 22 points. "How many tickets did you give out to friends tonight?" inquired Fitch. "I don't know," said Russell innocently. "A lot." Responded Fitch, "I thought so. There are 20 people outside wanting their money back." Which was Fitch's way of indicating that he was not swept away by Campy's performance. Nothing is worse, Fitch says, than people who want money back on complimentary tickets.

The key to how Fitch wants the game played lies in the role assigned each player. Campy and Carr are to shoot out the lights; ditto Forward Bobby (Bingo) Smith, the only remaining original Cav. Guard Jim Clemons is to run the offense and execute a tough defensive assignment. Fitch wants Dick Snyder, Clemons' partner in the backcourt, to keep throwing up his dead-eye jumpers; Forward Jim Brewer is supposed to clear the boards; Center Jim Chones, a one-time ABA malcontent who has found a new disposition with Cleveland, is to rebound and play rugged defense in the middle; Fools Walker should race in as a playmaker and jazz up the offense when it's hitting sour notes; rookie Guard Mo Howard, a second-round choice from Maryland, is to lug the film projector from city to city. Notice that scoring is not a major assignment for most Cavs.

Scoring goes unstressed because Fitch recognizes that the one natural instinct every basketball player has is to shoot the ball when he gets it. But Fitch admits, "We are not really an equal opportunity offense."

For all its success in the early going, Fitch is not wholly satisfied with his team's performance. "We may have to call a meeting of the family and change roles," he says. Although at one moment he talks of needing 10 good men, all playing regularly, in order to win the title, at other times he says he is considering going with just five players. What about

the other seven guys on the team? "They will get new roles," says Fitch. "It will be called Boy Scout—you know, be prepared." In fact, Fitch is not likely to do anything quite that drastic. But one real possibility is that Carr, Russell or both will—hallelujah for them—become starters. At the moment, Russell usually is the first sub in, Carr the next, depending on the situation.

Indeed, there is some small cause for Fitch to fret. Chones is having trouble with his rebound-defense role (scoring remains heavy on his mind) and his back-up, Nate Thurmond, 35, whom Fitch calls "Instant Defense," may finally be feeling his age. Too, Walker has been hurt and is only 5' 11". Says Fitch, "We want to avoid wholesale trades, as well as sending players down to the Eastern League—if we can."

Fitch thinks of Russell as potentially an extraordinary player. Though he almost drives the coach to distraction with his gum-popping, Russell can play all positions and do everything. Fitch believes. "All I expect from Campy is that he learn all these things—before I kill him." Fitch gets lyrical when he talks of Campy's magic hands and laments only that "Russell has played so many years without having to concentrate."

Russell, a hardship case in 1974, says, "My hardship was I was tired of playing college basketball. The biggest hardship, though, was the money I'd have to do without if I didn't go that way."

Carr, a 1971 first-round draft pick from Notre Dame, has had two knee operations, but now is at full throttle. He says, "When you have an operation, 70% of the cutting is in your mind." He is playing smoothly, and smartly, and says of his role, "I just have to make sure I don't run out there and become a thorn. I have to fit in with what's going on." Carr is so mild-mannered that Fitch says, "If I ever raised my voice at A.C., I'd feel I had done something bad."

When you can start games with your two best players seated, things by and large must be going pretty good, even though Fitch laments that his team is "like the golfer who used to shoot in the 90s, finally got into the 80s, and now is going nuts trying to get into the 70s." Further, he confesses that it is dif-



Russell goes up between two Buck defenders.

ficult to keep 12 college stars happy as pros, money aside. Says Fitch, "Every one of them wants to be Clark Gable in *Gone With the Wind*. Somebody has to paint the scenery."

At least Fitch's situation is happier than it was in 1970 when, the coach says, several of his players threw eggs at his house. How do you know it was the players? "Because they missed the house and hit the fence." Not so this year, with six Cavs hitting in double figures (Snyder is almost the seventh with 9.4) and everyone sharing the burden.

Meanwhile, Fitch is performing his new trick (tying a stem of a maraschino cherry in a knot using only his tongue) and playing philosopher. "All your prayers will be answered in the NBA if you are willing to accept the fact that most of the time the answer is No," he says. So far, though, the answer for Cleveland has been Yes. Yes and Yes instantly. **END**

## THESE PATS ARE PATSIES NO MORE

*With the emergence of the great Kehuna and some nifty football players, the long-suffering New England Patriots are making a run for a playoff berth*

by Robert F. Jones

To stop getting its stuffing kicked out, a pro football team must first cease being a turkey. Based on this old Pilgrim adage, not to mention past performance, the New England Patriots had only two small things to do on the weekend before Thanksgiving to end their imitation of the bird of their forefathers.

1) Despite their 7-3 record they had to show they were for real

2) They had to demonstrate total mastery of the meek New York Jets, whom they had beaten soundly earlier in the year, 41-7, but who had knocked them off in 17 of their previous 19 meetings.

Indeed, the Patriots had to struggle back from a quick 10-0 deficit to beat the Jets 38-24 last Sunday, thereby improving their record to 8-3 and practically assuring them a playoff berth for the first time in their NFL history. Fumbles on New England's first two series led to a field goal and a touchdown for the Jets. But the turnover bug was infecting everyone on the Shea Stadium field, where the Patriots had won only a single game in the past 10 years. The Patriots gave up the ball three times—twice on fumbles, once on an interception—while the Jets had 10 giveaways—seven by interceptions, three by fumbles. It was not a well-played game, but it was definitely exciting.

New England Linebacker Sam Hunt picked up the first Jet fumble. Then Don Calhoun—who rushed for 141 yards when he came in for the injured Sam (Bum) Cunningham against Baltimore the week before and was to add 109 against the Jets this day—helped move the ball to the New York 15. Quarterback Steve Grogan passed to Running Back Andy Johnson for the touchdown. The second New York bobble was picked up by Safety Prentice McCray, and this time Grogan hit Wide Receiver Darryl Stingley for a 14-10 lead. With Joe Namath moving the New Yorkers nicely, when he wasn't throwing five passes to various Pats, the Jets were far from collapsing. But then McCray snatched a Namath-to-Rich Caster pass and galloped 63 yards

*Barraging for the injured Sam Cunningham, Don Calhoun has denied the middle for 250 yards*

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL LEEFER





for a 21-10 New England lead. Safe one moment, burned the next, as they say. With 2:45 left in the first half, Greg Buttle, the Jets' tough rookie linebacker, intercepted a Grogan pass. Namath sent his newly returned "favorite target," Jerome Barkum, over Mike Haynes deep into the left corner of the end zone, and New York was in sight at 21-17.

Someone must have said something to Haynes, the super rookie from Arizona State, in the locker room at halftime, for no sooner had he come back out than he stalled another Namath drive with an end-zone interception. McCray struck again moments later, intercepting still another Namath pass and running it back 55 yards for yet another score—and a 28-17 lead. McCray, a third-year man from Arizona State, where he played alongside Haynes one season, hadn't scored a touchdown as a pro until this game, and now he had two.

In the fourth period Linebacker Steve Zabel recovered a Jet fumble, and Grogan went to work. A pass to Wide Receiver Randy Vataha on third and four brought the ball to the New York six. Three plays later, Grogan threw to a teammate with the number 58 on his back. An interior lineman? Yes and no. Pete Brock is a center, but he doubles as the second tight end on short yardage downs. Brock caught the ball all alone in the end zone, his first touchdown since high school. His teammates now call him "Deep Threat."

By then the turnovers had blended into a blur, but New England added a field goal after an interception by another fine rookie back, Tim Fox, and the Jets—with Richard Todd at quarterback—scored again, this time on a pass to rookie Running Back Clark Gaines. But Haynes grabbed his third interception, and the whole wild mess was over. The Patriots back home could hardly believe it. The Patriots have always been fairly unbelievable, and usually overlooked, in sports-minded Boston, home of the revered Celtics, Bruins and Red Sox. Not since 1963, when they were the Boston Patriots, have they managed a first-place finish, winning the old AFL's Eastern Di-



McCray (34) returned two Namath interceptions for TDs, while Haynes (40) picked off three passes



vision title in a playoff against Buffalo after an undistinguished 7-6-1 season. Even then, the glory was quickly tarnished as San Diego went on to take the AFL championship 51-10. In fact, until this year, the Patriots had not had a winning season in nine years.

So Patriot fans were wary again this fall, and it wasn't until the win over the Jets, on top of the previous Sunday's 21-14 upset of the Baltimore Colts, leaders of the AFC Eastern Division, that playoff talk heated up in New England. The air had been a little rarefied around Foxboro all week as fans tried to figure out the NFL's baffling system for deciding wild-card playoff berths, particularly those regulations that apply to tie-breakers. Local newspapermen began their explanations with such mind-benders as: "If we beat Denver, but lose to New Orleans and end up 10-4, and Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Denver end up 10-4—of course it depends on in-conference losses..." and then trailed off. As one writer sighed, "It's all a mirage anyway."

Not so. The Patriots are for real. Just how real—Super Bowl real?—remains to be seen. But for the future, they have to be contended with. They are indeed contenders.

During training camp, Coach Chuck Fairbanks told his players that, for the first time since he took over as head coach and general manager on January 26, 1973, New England would be capable of fielding a competent man at every po-

sition. Then the taciturn Michigan-born and Oklahoma-steered Fairbanks showed the depth of his trust by virtually ignoring the late cuts and free agents. That ended once and for all the New England football tradition of running players through camp like truckloads of scrap. Or so the Pats fans hoped.

In truth, Fairbanks' confidence is well founded. He has a sound offense, in pro football terms. One that runs before it passes and then doesn't try things beyond its talents, like passing deep. (You do that if you've got a Roger Carr to go with a Bert Jones, or a Cliff Branch to fit the reach of a Ken Stabler.) It is a team that can count on a Cunningham to produce an average of almost five yards per carry this season, or a Calhoun to step in and come up with similar statistics. One that has a quarterback like Grogan, a second-year man who knows his team's talents and drawbacks and who can run like a whittail buck when he has to. One that has a tight end like 6' 6", 240-pound Russell Ross Francis, late of Hawaii, who chants the "Kahuna" of the islands at the opposition and reduces them to so many Captain Cooks.

It helps to have an offensive line as well. Oakland Coach John Madden was slightly in awe after the Pats cleared his nose with a 48-17 early-season victory, the Raiders' only loss this year. "They have five offensive linemen who can block, a fullback who can block and a tight end who can block," Madden said.

*continued*

"It's like playing against a seven-man line all day. Devastating."

The offensive linemen—left to right, Leon Gray, John Hannah, Bill Lenkaitis, Sam Adams and Bob McKay—are one of those groups that gets attention only when a Juice runs behind it and it can be called an "Electric Company." Sam Bam, though, hasn't given his line any nickname to latch on to—not because of his lack of yardage, but because they're all a bit shy, just like most New England folks. Perhaps they should be called the "E. B. Whites," in honor of that other distinguished but reticent Down East talent. Or the "Samuel Eliot Morisons," to commemorate their courage in the face of waves.

Defensively, New England has a strong point and a weak point. The latter is its rush line, which sacked the immobile Ramath only three times. Fairbanks favors the 3-4 defense, which he brought with him from Oklahoma, and as a result the linebackers have knocked down many more passers than the linemen—and many more passes. Steve Nelson, one of the inside linebackers, missed the Jets' game with a dislocated kneecap and may well be out next week, but the others were working hard as always. Steve Zabel recovered a fumble to set up a touchdown. Sam Hunt, a hard-hitter frequently accused of cheap shots, particularly in the most recent Buffalo and Baltimore games, plugged the middle along with Nelson's replacement, Jim Romanszyn. And veterans Pete Barnes and George Webster handled things perfectly at the right side. Those men, plus the suddenly reliable cornerbacks and safeties, constitute New England's defensive strength. The two rookies, Haynes and Fox, start in a secondary that was burned like buttered lobster again and again last season. The 6' 2", 189-pound Haynes was the first defensive back chosen in this year's draft—and the fifth choice overall. His college credentials (17 interceptions) held up against the Colts and Jets: he picked off two Bert Jones passes, two of Namath's and one of Todd's.

For fear of reviving those old Boston doubts, it's best not to talk about the failure of the three wide receivers—Stingley, Vataha and Martin Broome—to catch more than 32 passes to date. Vataha, who had caught 167 passes for 2,863 yards and 22 touchdowns in his first five years with the Pats, has caught only nine.

That deficiency can be partly attributed

continued

## THIS PAT'S NO PATSY, EITHER

by Dan Jenkins

The Los Angeles Rams have been spending most of the 1976 season looking for a quarterback. Or rather, they have spent most of the season looking at—and alternately rejecting—their three available quarterbacks. Last Sunday in Candlestick Park was to be just another afternoon in the continuing search. But as it turned out, the Rams probably settled for good, and wisely enough, on the youngster Pat Haden, and the fact that it happened in a game that was about as stimulating as a three-legged race should make no difference at all to the team that has finally taken control of the NFC's Western Division.

The much-maligned Rams of Owner Carroll Rosenbloom, General Manager Don Klosterman, Coach Chuck Knox and Quarterbacks (choose one, everybody else has) James Harris, Ron Jaworski and Haden whipped up on the 49ers by the score of 23-3, thereby avenging an earlier 16-0 Monday night embarrassment by the same club. But in what was supposed to be their most emotional day of the year, the 49ers were so ineffective that the Rams could have won on the basis of a single play—a play that certifies why Pat Haden is their man of destiny.

The six points Haden produced on his one touchdown pass of the game would have been more than enough to defeat the uncertain and tentative and altogether mysterious Jim Plunkett, who has simply not become the quarterback the 49ers thought he would when they got him from New England.

Plunkett did not throw the football the way Jim Plunkett used to, and he admits it. He wasn't even throwing it very well when the 49ers were 6-1 and looking like the kind of surprise team that his old New England Patriots have become. The 49ers are a 6-5 team now, and after Plunkett could not even hand off the ball with sufficient authority to punch the 49ers in for the touchdowns that would have put them ahead of the Rams at half-time, and after he threw an awkward interception to Monte Jackson to give the Rams another courtesy touchdown, he was benched so Coach Monte Clark could take a look at two of his substitute quarterbacks, Marty Domres and Scott Ball.

But back to Pat Haden, a young man—a Rhodes Scholar, no less—who looks as though he invented breakfast cereal. He made spectacular things happen when he was at USC, and his conversation is overloaded with "yes sirs" and "thank yous." It is hardly any secret that Rosenbloom and Klosterman have warned him to be the Rams' No. 1 quarterback since early September. The problem

was, the Ram players wanted to go along with James Harris, a fine fellow and all that, but not as "electric" as Haden. And, mainly, not as adept at seeing the whole field when looking for receivers.

In the second quarter, following the first of the Rams' four interceptions, Haden drifted back from, strangely enough, the 49ers' 49-yard line in an attempt to complete his first pass of the day—he completed only three of eight all told. The pocket broke down and Haden had to improvise. When the Rams' pocket had collapsed in last month's debacle, Harris was sacked 10 times. This time Haden escaped, and suddenly he sailed the football about 60 yards to Ron Jesse in the San Francisco end zone.

The way the Rams' defense performed throughout the afternoon, that improvised Haden bomb to a "secondary" receiver was enough to send them home with a 7-3-1 record. "You can't beat good vision," said Klosterman upstairs. But with thoughts of that 16-0 rout implanted in their helmets, the Rams added 17 more points for effect in the third quarter. Compounding the 49ers' miseries, they also lost their monster defensive end, Cedric Hardman, for the rest of the season with a broken right ankle.

The quarterback situation has been touchy and difficult for everyone connected with the Rams. Even the players have been torn between sentiment (for Harris) and professionalism (for Haden). Jaworski has become all but forgotten, and he is naturally playing out his option.

"I've wanted to play," Pat Haden said last week, "but not under these circumstances. James is a super person and a good friend. He's really been helpful."

"What's wrong with the Rams?" has been Topic A all year in Los Angeles. But as Defensive Tackle Merlin Olsen said, if you took away just one play from a couple of games the Rams have lost, they would have won them. And with a 9-2 record (it could even be 10-1 without stretching the imagination), no one would be concerned. Another Ram, who requested anonymity, said, "It's been psychologically tough on us, not knowing who the quarterback is. If the team were to vote, Harris would get the most votes, and Coach Knox knows this. That's why he's been slow to make the change. But we all like Pat. He's a great kid. For a while there, we just wished the season would get over with. But with the playoffs in view now, I think you'll see us become the kind of football team we're capable of being."

If Pat Haden is the quarterback, of course

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**NO PATSHES** *continued*

used to the fact that the Pats have developed a professionally balanced offense, relying more heavily on the run than the pass. It can also be explained by the fact that Jim Plunkett is now playing for San Francisco. In the words of one observer, Plunkett "liked to throw it up as long and far as he could and then goggle when he saw who caught it."

Steven James Grogan, 23 years old, 6' 4", 200 pounds, out of Kansas and the cow country, became the New England quarterback almost by default after Plunkett was traded. Fairbanks, in keeping with his decision about the team's capability, accommodated Plunkett in a deal that required no small amount of confidence. Though both Denver and Los Angeles had offered alternatives to Plunkett—i.e., players who might have brought New England the instant flair the fans had been clamoring for since 1963—Fairbanks took the San Francisco deal with its many draft choices: two first-round picks this season (Brock and Fox), a first and second next year, plus Quarterback Tom Owen.

So Grogan came from the grasslands to the headlands. "I found out about the Plunkett trade from a reporter who called me back home," he says. "Nobody from the team ever told me about it." Later he learned that part of the deal included Owen, a sometime starter for the 49ers. It didn't seem to bother him. "We had a spring camp in late May," says Grogan, "and when I came in I was the only quarterback who had been here last year. So I was the only one who knew what was going on. I figured I was No. 1 until someone came up and told me to get out."

Grogan's statistics aren't overpowering: a completion rate of 49.4% and a 7.2% interception rate. But he has gained 358 yards this season on 47 runs, half of which were planned. He has no fear (yet) of scrambling. Of the Patriots' 35 touchdowns, Grogan has accounted for 24—15 in the air, and nine on the ground.

New England's success has meant increased recognition for Grogan, who is attempting to grow a beard, perhaps in an effort to remain anonymous. "We don't have anything like Boston in Kansas," he says. "I'm not used to going out shopping or to the movies and always being recognized. How do I handle it? I handle it by staying home."

On the field, though, he stays with his backs and his tight end, running the first and hitting the second with well-timed


*continued*

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short passes. "With Grogan in the game," says Cunningham, "we're not going to try to bomb them. When Plunkett was our quarterback, he had a very good arm and we had to utilize it. But the thing is, you've got to set up the arm with the run. We know that with Grogan we're going to make the defenses run-conscious, and then work them with the pass."

One of Grogan's favorite targets is Francis, who thus far has caught 25 passes for 360 yards and three touchdowns. Shortly before the Pats made Francis their first draft choice in 1975, scouts were sent to the University of Oregon to make a final check on the Hawaiian, who had refused to play his senior year (along with several other players) after a shake-up of the college team's coaching staff.

Francis convinced them with back-to-back 40s in 4.6 seconds each. After the Pats beat Pittsburgh earlier this season, Chuck Noll had this to say about Francis. "A special tight end." Says that other Chuck, who coaches an New England, "If you were to pick a prototype to play tight end, Russ Francis would be perfect." In other words, Francis has size, great hands and deceptive speed, and delights in cutting down defenders with crisp, cruel blocks.

Still, if Francis has done nothing more for the old whaling areas of America, he has at least made them familiar with a phrase picked up from his youth in Hawaii. As the ancient Polynesian shamans were known as "Kahunas," so too has Francis shamanized opponents. On the last play of the Patriots' 30-27 win over the Steelers, Pittsburgh Kicker Roy Gerela lined up for a game-tying field goal. On the sideline, Francis began mumbling, "Kahunas, Kahuna, Kahuna."

Gerela missed.

Before the Oakland game, Francis went on TV and made it work again.

And in Baltimore, the Kahunas once more worked their magic. "Bless this football, O great Kahuna, and help Russ hang on to it," pleaded one of his Hawaiian friends. Francis hung on to three passes that afternoon but pulled a hamstring after catching one of them and didn't play against the Jets.

The Patriots didn't require any Kahunas to beat the Jets, but they may need some outside help the next few weeks as they charge toward the playoffs. As the old Hawaiian adage goes, with a Kahuna in your game plan, you'll never be a turkey again.

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## COLLEGE BASKETBALL 1976-77



Hubbard did the honors after the Wolverines won the 1976 Midwest Regional.

# Everyone Wants the Net

For the first time in years the battle for the national title is wide open, but Michigan is favored to cut the cords after the final buzzer

BY BARRY McDERMOTT

**A**t the start of another season of college hoop-ee, you can count on the following things. With the dunk back, along about the first week some dude will soar so high he will stick in the scoreboard like a quivering dart. Shortly thereafter, Indiana will have to hire a designated seamstress to mend the jerseys Bobby Knight tears off his players. An NCAA investigator disguised as a keno runner will climb out of a Las Vegas air-conditioning duct. Bernard King's car will be arrested for contributing to the delinquency of a basketball player. And the Legal Aid Society, the ACLU or Baretta will file, issue and append 1,634 injunctions, restraining orders and subclauses. This is a game of the courts as well as by the courts and on the courts.

The main thing is that the dunk has been rehabilitated after doing a nine-year term for being an illegal weapon. Be showtime. Also, Richard Washington of UCLA and Adrian Dantley of Notre Dame are gone, having taken one of the last trains from Hardship Junction. Be missed. And while Gerald Ford is on his way out, his alma mater certainly won't need a presidential pardon. Michigan be ready. Finally, the NCAA has done it again. It held last year's tournament in Philadelphia for the Bicentennial and it installed this year's at the Omni in Atlanta for Jimmy Peanut.

Although Indiana is the defending champion, the Hoosiers lost four starters to the pro ranks, and it would have been five had not Kent Benson shrugged the money-changers off his broad back. Now someone will have to devise a way to get the opposition off the big redhead's shoulders as the pigeons of years past come home to roost.

Michigan is favored to win the national title after a year in which it was all-runner-up—in the NCAA, in the Big Ten, even in a holiday tournament in Las Vegas. But the Wolverines return with a cast that includes Rickey Green, who threw his name into the hardship hat, then pulled it out; Phil Hubbard, an Olympian; and rugged Steve Grote, who could use his nose as a diamond cutter.

Unlike years past, however, there is no overwhelming favorite. Any of 10 teams could win the title. In fact your name is Jeanne Dixon if you can pick the winners of more than three conference races, plus



To beat Indiana, you have to beat Benson.

the number of teams that will be in the Metro Six—uh, Seven—next year.

The Southeastern Conference race seems particularly close. Auburn, Mississippi State and Georgia each have four starters returning, but they all figure to trail Tennessee and Alabama, who in turn should follow Kentucky.

Although Marquette will be making its 11th straight trip to postseason play, Nevada, Las Vegas is the class of the independents and a threat to be the first non-conference school to win the title since Texas Western did it in 1966, even though senior Jackie Robinson recently hurt his ankle and is out for the year. Vegas will benefit from the new dunk rule as much as anyone: every one of the Rebels can throw it down. Of course, with the NCAA currently investigating the university, the Deposition Five may have to win its national title in the polls instead of in the Otm.

Arkansas is favored in the Southwest Conference for the first time in 30 years; the Yankee Conference is no more; the Missouri Valley Conference loses its first

name; and New Mexico will have a team. Last year the Lobos demanded that Coach Norm Ellenberger resign. When he didn't, they did, and Ellenberger recruited almost an entire new squad.

Philadelphia is known as the City of Brotherly Love, and Villanova agrees. It has three brothers on its team, Reggie, Keith and Larry Herron. One player who never seems to be anywhere long is Sam (the Migrant) Drummer, who was reported at or in the vicinity of Indiana, Gardner-Webb and Austin Peay before his freshman year. Now Drummer has transferred from Austin Peay to Georgia's DeKalb (South) Community College, where he is still studying road maps and figuring how to get to Georgia Tech.

For teams missing in action, consider Long Beach State, Seattle and Mississippi State. Ignored in most polls, each of the clubs could be a surprise. Seattle has 7' frosh Jawann Oldham, while Mississippi State might have the best new big man in the country in Ricky Brown.

Buffalo's Sam Pellom will defend his rebounding title, but Indiana State junior DeCarsta (Byrd) Webster could nose him out, having once hit his nose on the rim during a game. Also back to defend titles will be Arkansas' Sidney Moncrief (field goal percentage), Loyola's Tad Dufelmeier (free-throw percentage) and Texas Coach Abe Lemons (joke percentage). Lemons moves from Pan American and hopes to rebuild a broken program; Eldon Miller, who coached Western Michigan so well last season, is trying to do the same thing with a new chalkboard at Ohio State. For another coach, the switch is a bit different. Ray Scott, who coached the Detroit Pistons last year, is now at Eastern Michigan, where he also is a student. Can a coach be put on probation for poor grades?

This season could be remembered for something besides victories. The recent merger of the NBA and ABA may have dealt a mortal blow to the hardship draft. True, Washington and Dantley were among the seven players that left college early via the NBA draft, but that figure is only half of the 1975 total. Also, Green of Michigan, Marques Johnson of UCLA and King of Tennessee all reneged on their desires for W-2 forms and withdrew their names from the draft. "The merger is the best thing that has happened," said Tennessee Coach Ray Mears,

Mears made that statement several months ago, relieved that he would have King back to challenge for the SEC championship. Since then, King has run afoul of the law for everything but slurping his soup, the offenses being mostly a series of minor transgressions that always seem to involve his automobile. After the most recent violation, Mears suspended King for at least the first three games and, subsequently, checked into a hospital suffering from what was described as nervous exhaustion. Did King's fir-



UCLA's hopes are as high as Johnson.

tation with the pros mess up his head? Maybe. Maybe not. Marques Johnson admits his own experience—Denver offered him a huge contract, but withdrew it just before the merger—left him disillusioned. "I was ready to be a pro," he says. "Then I got the bomb from Denver. It was a downer at first. It was hard to get myself to accept the fact I'd be going through the college scene again. Now I'm just trying to make it click. This year probably will determine my fate for the rest of my life."

continued

The ABA started signing underclassmen in 1969. Spencer Haywood, a junior at the University of Detroit and an Olympic hero, was the first to go. A year later Ralph Simpson signed out of Michigan State. The NBA began its ill-named hardship draft in 1971, selecting Phil Chenier (California), Nate Williams (Utah State), Tom Payne (Kentucky) and Cyril Baptiste (Creighton). The last two are no longer in the league.

"I never felt it was to the advantage of the kids," says Louisville Coach Denny Crum. His freshman hotshot, Darrell Griffith, reportedly was offered a million dollar contract to jump straight from high school to the pros, the route chosen by Bill Willoughby (Atlanta) and Darryl Dawkins (Philadelphia) the previous year. "It's a question now of whether they'll ever develop sitting on the bench. Agents create more problems than they're worth, so we've never had them around here. They were trying to talk Darrell Griffith into turning pro last summer. Now that the big dollar is gone for the agents, they're going to have to find someone else to prey on."

The agents are particularly nettlesome to the coaches. The Big Eight has barred them from campuses. Coach George Raveling of Washington State caught one last year in a motel room with two of his seniors on the day of a game, showing them pro basketball films. His center, Steve Puidokas, a senior this year, is a prime target. "He must have heard from every agent from here to Tibet," says Raveling. "He got one letter addressed 'Dear Player.' The guy didn't even bother to use the kid's name."

Marquette has lost three players to the pros via hardship—Jim Chones, Larry McNeill and Maurice Lucas. "My biggest hangup about it is there's no return," says Coach Al McGuire. "If a kid gives up the rest of his education and he gets cut, he becomes a Kamikaze pilot. His life could be ruined."

And players do get cut. Jacky Dorsey, a freshman at Georgia last year, was dropped by the New Orleans Jazz. Skip Wise left Clemson in 1975 following his freshman year and signed with Baltimore of the ABA. The team never played a regular-season game, and Wise was cut most recently by Golden State. Fly Williams, Cornel Norman, Raymond Lewis—be gone. Of the 60 to 70 players who signed as underclassmen in the last six years, perhaps a

dozen are playing pro buckets regularly.

The hardship draft has even influenced college coaches' recruiting. Frank Arnold of Brigham Young says that if he learns that a recruit is thinking about leaving school early, he drops him. Long Beach Coach Dwight Jones lost Clifton and Roscoe Pondexter to the pros: Roscoe was cut and Clifton is making only a ripple with the Chicago Bulls. "I take a look at the great prospect now," Jones says, "but I'm not going to overextend myself in time and effort and energy if I fear he might bug out and sign a pro contract after a year or so. I'd much rather have a guy with a little less talent that I know I'm going to keep four years."

"Anytime a player plans to go hardship, he doesn't blend in with the rest of the program," says Lake Kelley, the coach at Austin Peay. After the 1973-74 season, Fly Williams quit school and signed with the Spirits of St. Louis. "A

player's mind is elsewhere," says Kelley. "He's not a team player. He has to score as many points as possible to attract the scouts."

For every Julius Erving and George McGinnis who leaves school early and finds wealth and, presumably, happiness, there is a handful of others who experience misery. A case in point is David Brent. A seven-footer with pro potential, Brent quit Jacksonville in 1972 after his sophomore year and signed what he says he thought was a guaranteed multiyear, million-dollar contract. He never did make it and wound up with a little bit of money and a new Mark IV automobile. While he still thought he was in the chips, he returned to his high school in St. Louis and offered to give some of the teachers a ride in the car. His old coach, John Algee, refused. "I told him," recalls Algee, "that if I rode in something like that, I'd probably want one myself."

## Something to Shout About

What we have here is Bobby Knight of Indiana, coach, doing what most coaches do at least part of every game. Rage. In calmer moments they shout, scream and rant. They have also been known to chew on towels, throw the chairs they were sitting in, lie flat on the court and do wind sprints in front of their bench. There was one old gent who merely sat there with a rolled-up program, but he was an exception and, besides, he always won. On the following pages are some of the game's most prominent coaches in the heat of battle, all having as much fun as Bobby.



Out of context, it would be difficult to figure out just what these coaches are up to. That's Lefty Driesell of Maryland to the immediate right. It's possible that his wife has just driven off with the keys to the family's second car, but more probably he wants one of his players to ask for a time out. Urgently, North Carolina's Dean Smith could be arguing his case before the jury, but this jury numbers two, both wearing striped shirts and carrying whistles. Having toweled off after a fishing trip, Tom Young of Rutgers insists that the one that got away was about this long, or that one of his players never came close to the other guy.









# Nuts about the game

BY LARRY KEITH

Observe now the college basketball coach: his eyes are glassy, his tie askew and his arms flap disjointedly at his sides. He has come to this sorry state after constant harassment by complaining alumni, demanding athletic directors, nosy NCAA investigators and inconsistent referees. He understands that inevitably he will be fired, retired or committed. He is not like you or me or even the football coach down the hall. Basketball coaches, says George Theofanis of Butler University, "are nuts."

All of them, from Missouri's low-key Norm Stewart to Indiana's stormy Bobby Knight, seek ways to be different. Not so much in strategy and playing style (they borrow techniques from each other like comedians do jokes) but in the way they throw themselves into off-court diversions. Wayne Yates of Memphis State plows fields. Bob Orsiegel of Drake is a landscape architect. Dutch Belnap of Utah State restores old cars. Denny Crum of Louisville longs to raise horses. Bob Davis of Auburn hunts snakes. Paul Westhead of La Salle studies Shakespeare. Diggar Phelps of Notre Dame collects stamps. Ken Hayes of New Mexico State holds a "doctorate in pinochle." John Bach of Penn State and Tex Winter of Northwestern pilot airplanes.

Coaches must do more than prepare their teams for a game; they must prepare themselves and their psyches as well. They practice more superstitious rites than a witch doctor. When driving to a home game, Michigan's Johnny Orr is careful to avoid being stopped by a particular Ann Arbor traffic light. While waiting in his motel room for a road

game, Southern Illinois' Paul Lambert undresses, turns off the heat and watches television for hours under a mound of blankets. Cincinnati's Gale Catlett would rather find a penny before a game than his opponent's playbook. Marshall's Bob Daniels would put his student manager in uniform rather than dress 13 players for a game. Before daring to walk out of his dressing room, Arkansas' Eddie Sutton must first shake the hand of each assistant in a prescribed order and then drink a Coca-Cola.

And when the game begins, observe the quirks and tics: Bob Boyd of USC is pacing. Bob Davis of Auburn is tugging at his socks. Lefty Driesell of Maryland is crossing his fingers. Joe Stowell of Bradley is eating his wife's homemade candy. Bud Kahn of Quinnipiac is spitting tobacco juice into a paper cup. Guy Lewis of Houston is drinking 20 cups of water. Roy Danforth of Tulane is drinking 15 cups of coffee. Tom Young of Rutgers is clutching his towel.

Finally, the game is over. Win or lose, Lou Henson of Illinois wants to play dominoes and Ron Greene of New Orleans wants to eat Oreos. And on the chartered plane ride home Frank McGuire of South Carolina wants everyone to make sure he has the same seat he had when he left Columbia.

Two years ago Ara Parseghian (who coached freshman basketball at Miami of Ohio) said the pressures of coaching football had taken their toll and forced him to retire. In basketball, the pressures seem even more relentless. Phil Woolpert won two national championships at San Francisco in 1955 and '56, retreated to the University of San Diego and now is in quiet semi-retirement driving a school bus. Chuck Noe, formerly of South Carolina and more recently of Virginia Commonwealth, has fled coaching a second time. Last month his doctor told Ray Mears of Tennessee to let his assistant

run things for a while. Riley Wallace of Centenary is looking forward to his first season as head coach and is hoping it will also be his first without a constant cough. "It got so bad last year that I thought about quitting," he says.

John Wooden survived for 29 years at Indiana State and UCLA because, in his last decade with the Bruins, he hardly ever lost. Wooden was smart enough to know when to get out, but too many others have to be told—by their athletic directors, by their doctors or by their alumni. A few years ago Michigan's Johnny Orr thought his time had come. His critics (and there were many) were pushing him into the insurance business. Then the Wolverines started winning and Orr was given a reprieve.

Orr can laugh about it now—but nervously, and never during a game.

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## TOP 20



Some coaches don't have to worry about their jobs, at least not this year—namely, the men in charge of the teams in the Top 20 and in the Best of the Rest. Scouting reports on these teams are next; for a profile on the most enigmatic coach in the game today, turn to page 34.

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Proving they can take adversity sitting down, Diggar Phelps of Notre Dame and Michigan's Johnny Orr are left agape by the court proceedings.

CONTINUED



## MICHIGAN

**1** Several days after he had been named Coach of the Year, Michigan's Johnny Orr received a call from an old grad, Gerald Ford. Orr was overwhelmed, but as the conversation continued, he became suspicious, and soon his large pink face turned crimson. This was not the President on the line, it was Bobby Knight, whose Hoosiers had recently beaten the Wolverines in the NCAA finals.

This season Orr may get a call from the real President, even if he isn't from Michigan. The Wolverines appear to be on their way to the national championship. Michigan's only loss is Wayman Britt, the 6' 2" magic forward, leaving Orr with Guards Rickey Green and Steve Grote, and Forwards Johnny Robinson and Olympian Phil Hubbard. All that's missing is the one big center that would permit Orr to move the 6' 8" Hubbard, with his face-to-the-basket quickness and 15-foot kangaroo jumper, into the corner. Playing against taller centers in 29 of Michigan's 32 games last year, Hubbard still managed 15.1 points and 11 rebounds as a freshman. At forward he would be sensational.

Orr did persuade three of the nation's best big men to narrow their choices down to Michigan and somewhere else, but while Orr was out on the banquet circuit and playing "58 different golf courses" all spring and summer, the three all chose "somewhere else": 6' 11" Stuart House, from Detroit, went to Washington State; 6' 11" Ricky Brown went to Mississippi State; and 6' 10" juco transfer Mike Davis went to Maryland. So much for tall centers.

Orr is still determined to play Hubbard at forward, and the center job could fall to Ann Arbor's own Doctor Dunk, 6' 8" Joel (pronounced Joe-ell) Thompson, a man who can shoot as long as the trajectory is straight down, or 6' 9" Tom Bergen. Another corner is 6' 6" sophomore Alan Hardy, a forward who plays superb defense and handles the ball better than Robinson. This combination of skills could be enough to cost Robinson his starting job.

Grote and Green are the most complementary pair of guards in the country. Grote has started 78 of 86 games since his freshman year and is frequently called the most punishing runner at Michigan, which makes Bo Schembechler wonder why he is wearing short pants and sneakers. Because Grote often runs over people, the two backup guards, Dave Baxter and Tom Staton, see plenty of action. Green is simply a scoring and ball-handling machine who can accelerate to the basket in the blink of a defender's eye. In his first year after transferring from Vincennes Junior College, he averaged 19.9 points on 491 shooting, and was about to walk into the sunset in search of an NBA contract. But he finally decided to scratch his name off the hardship list for the good of the Of Maize and Blue. For that, he should at least get a phone call from the ol' President.



## NORTH CAROLINA

**2** After the final Olympic basketball game was played last July, Walter Davis of North Carolina asked teammate Scott May of Indiana how winning a gold medal compared to winning the NCAA title. "It's two different feelings," May said, "and both are great."

Davis was interested because he figures the Tar Heels have a solid chance at the national title themselves this season. North Carolina has four starters returning from last year's 25-4 team and half a dozen of the country's best freshmen. The only missing regular is Center Mitch Kupchak, who along with Davis, Tommy LaGarde, Phil Ford, Head Coach Dean Smith and Assistant Coach Bill Guthridge gave a decided Tar Heel flavor to the U.S. Olympic effort. The question some people are asking, with only the slightest exaggeration, is can the best team in the world become the best in the country?

Possibly. The Tar Heels seemed to have a chance last year until they dried up in the postseason, losing to Virginia in the Atlantic Coast Conference tournament and Alabama in the Midwest Regional. "We were as good as any team in the country," Smith says, "but we didn't use our opportunity to prove it."

With Kupchak in the pros, the Tar Heels will play the game a little differently and maybe even better this year. LaGarde takes over at center but moves out to a high post. This should put his fine shooting touch to good use and also open up the middle for Ford's whirling drives down the lane. Smith would also like to use Davis, a 6' 6" swingman, more at guard.

Help should come from 6' 7" freshman Forward Mike D'Keen, who has unusual court savvy to go with his considerable playing skills. D'Keen will probably keep 6' 8" senior Bruce Buckley in his role as Carolina's sixth man.

LaGarde is the center of attention, though. He was the Tar Heels' field-goal (61%) and free-throw (82%) leader last year and he looks forward to his increased responsibilities this season. "I only did an adequate job at forward," he says. "There were times Mitch and I seemed to clog things up too much underneath. I probably played better when he wasn't in the game."

Ford and Davis were consistently outstanding. Ford led the team in scoring (18.6), set a school record for assists (203) and made All-America. Davis averaged 16.6, led the team in steals and was the top player in a composite statistical rating that only Smith understands. Smith likes his fifth starter, Guard John Kuester, because he dives after loose balls and sacrifices his offense for the rest of the team.

For all his success, the Tar Heel coach has never won the national championship. Sometimes being best in the world is just not good enough.



## ENTUCKY

**3** Overcome by a fit of youthful enthusiasm, Kentucky's muscular 6' 5" James Lee swooped toward the basket in a layup drill, soared high above the rim and slammed the ball through with a whump that echoed through nearly deserted Rupp Arena, the Wildcats' new 23,000-seat home. The next man in line, Mike Phillips, the 6' 10" center, lumbered toward the hoop and outdid Lee with a reverse smash. That was enough for Coach Joe B. Hall, watching from midcourt. "Whoa, whoa," he yelled. "Let's settle down, put the ball on the floor, cut out the fancy stuff and do what we're supposed to do." The Wildcats meekly devoted the rest of the drill to solid, but dull, layups.

Aside from having four of five starters back from last season's National Invitational Tournament champions—plus a healthy Rick Robey and three promising freshmen—the Wildcats are moving from on-campus Memorial Coliseum, where they terrorized rivals for 25 years, to downtown Rupp Arena, largest basketball hall this side of the Superdome and site of this season's NCAA Midwest Regional tournament. Says Hall, "We're looking for that first exciting game that will turn a crowd on, to see if we've been able to transport that Coliseum spirit."

That Kentucky will regain its rightful place atop the Southeastern Conference is a foregone conclusion among Wildcat loyalists. There's even speculation that Kentucky has a chance to add to the four NCAA titles won under the man for whom the new arena was named. Says Hall, "We're going to have a good team, no question about it, but we don't seem to have that one area where we dominate. We've got to become dominant in shooting, defense, rebounding, something. Until then we're an iffy team."

Actually, better than iffy. For rebounders, Kentucky has Phillips, Robey and Lee. Now that the 6' 10" Robey has recovered from a knee injury that kept him out of 18 games last season, Hall plans to use him and Phillips together as much as possible, meaning that Kentucky will have the muscle to trigger its legendary fast break. However, if playing the giants simultaneously proves to be a defensive liability, Hall can alternate them at center and use Lee as his strong forward.

For shooters, Kentucky has Jack (Goose) Givens, he of the 20-point average and silky jump shot, and Guard Truman Claytor. If Claytor gets down on himself at guard, as he did at times last season, Hall will call on a couple of freshmen, Tim Stephens and Jay Shidler. The man running the show will be senior Larry Johnson.

All of Rupp Arena's 23,000 seats are sold out for every Kentucky game, and 10,000 requests were returned to the senders. As Hall knows better than anyone, that kind of ardor can be maintained only by winning. No problem.



## CLA

**4** Following John Wooden as coach at UCLA is like having to play Rhett Butler in the sequel to *Gone With the Wind*. Both parts are too juicy to pass up, but there is a catch: when the critics compare you to a legend, they're likely to clobber even your best performance.

Ask Gene Bartow. He had a 27-5 record in his first year behind Wooden's old desk at UCLA and got roasted alive by the spoiled sports around Westwood. Bartow had never won 27 games in a season in his entire career—his Memphis State team that lost to UCLA in the 1973 NCAA finals won only 24. Nevertheless, those five defeats were five too many for Bruin fans, and the furor that resulted has made Bartow wary about reading the Letters to the Editor page—or even answering his own telephone.

"Hello," he croaked weakly into the receiver recently, though not so much in fear of a disgruntled alum being on the other end as in deference to his stomach, which had been unable to process the two dozen chocolate-chip cookies he had consumed the previous evening while watching the World Series. A friend prescribed lunch, and Bartow suggested a trip to the corner for his regular Thursday afternoon bowl of bean soup at the Westwood Drug Store.

"Yeah, all the hit men in town should know where to find me," said Bartow, sliding into his favorite booth. "UCLA is like the Green Bay or Notre Dame jobs in football. It's tough to come in when there's something big going on that you had no part in making. But I used to enjoy life before I came out here and I think I can again."

Bartow's optimism stems from the fact that Forward Marques Johnson decided not to join teammate Richard Washington in the NBA hardship draft. Johnson, who stands 6' 7" and weighs 218 pounds, can spring a 35-point, 17-rebound game on anybody in the country. Moreover, Dave Greenwood, a 6' 9" sophomore, can become a terror at center if Bartow will let him play there. Bartow left Ralph Drollinger in the lineup too long last year and is talking about 7-foot Brett Vroman playing center this season, while Greenwood moves to forward. James Wilkes, no relation to Jamal, heads a list of four highly decorated in-state freshmen and could eventually start in the corner, as could senior Wilbert Olinde.

To start some big doings of his own at UCLA, Bartow has to learn to suffer the slings and arrows of outraged fans and still push all the right buttons. He has to allow his talented but inexperienced sophomore guards, Brad Holland and Roy Hamilton, to emerge from hiding and get their feet wet. "I must agree," said North Carolina State's Norm Sloan, who watched a recort Bruin practice. "But what would I do if I were out here myself? I don't know. I've never had this much talent."



## AS VEGAS

**S** If the players find a way to take turns shooting the dice, and the NCAA does not impound their score books, and Coach Jerry Tarkanian does not bite off his fingernails and swallow his towel in the clutch, the Las Vegas Rebels could win the national championship.

The University of Nevada, Las Vegas, to call it by its proper name, is so laden with talent that no marquee could handle the billing. The top five scorers are back from the team that went 29-2 last season, shredding seven NCAA records along the way, among them scoring 110.5 points a game. In one game, the Rebels racked up 164. And with a schedule that begins with the Nationalist Republic of China and continues with a collection of mystery teams, Las Vegas might hit 200 one night. "We're so good," says Guard Glen Gondrezick, "that even I'm in awe of it sometimes."

Tarkanian does have a few problems, however. The NCAA is wiring its electric chair as it completes an investigation of his program, but if Tarkanian can figure a way to make a happy equation out of Time divided by Nine Players, the sleuths are the only thing that can beat him.

The Rebels have six capable seniors, two fine transfers and a sophomore who probably is the best of the bunch. The coach's answer is a whirlwind attack and liberal substitution. Las Vegas never relaxes, pressing all over the floor, running the fast break and letting fly with 30-foot jumpers like so many *Bear the Clock* contestants.

The town loves the Rebels. One service-station operator swapped a year's supply of gasoline for two tickets, and Sands' blackjack dealer Sandy Berman turned down \$1,200 for his two seats.

The leading scorer is Eddie Owens, a left-handed part-Japanese forward who averaged 23.4 points while playing 27 minutes a game last year. Gondrezick anchors a defense that is better than most people suppose, and Forward Jackie Robinson is the leading rebounder; also a Ferrari on the break and an improved shooter. Sam Smith comes off the bench as the master of the rainbow shot. Lewis Brown is big and mean in the middle. And Robert Smith is the dealer on the fast break. That takes care of the seniors.

The two newcomers are Tony Smith, a transfer from Houston who hardly ever uses the whole basket on his jump shot, and Larry Moffett, up to the big time from the junior colleges. If Tony Smith can show any kind of defense, the Rebels will have still another gun, and if Lewis Brown does not bruise Moffett during practice, he will help inside.

The team's best player might be Reggie Theus, a sophomore with a complete game, an ability to play guard or forward and an unusual virtue: patience. "I'm able to accept not starting," says Theus. "There's enough in winning for everybody." And on that score, everybody should be happy.



## ARIZONA

**S** During his four years at Arizona, Freddie (the Fox) Snowden has taken a ramshackle basketball program and made it over into a sleek high-rise. This year he has done some more renovating, including installing a bank of high-speed elevators.

The Wildcats have 16 lettermen returning from a 24-9 team that won the Western Athletic Conference and gave UCLA a scare in the NCAA Western Regional finals. In addition, the Fox has a stunning junior-college transfer in Kenny Davis, the 1976 JUCO Player of the Year at Southern Idaho. No wonder the coach is telling people his team ought to be No. 1.

Snowden is the master of the suave sell, a mesmerizing recruiter replete with gold jewelry, silver Thunderbird and glib tongue who can go into a neighborhood filled with cracked windows and leave with a diamond. His detractors, however, whisper that he is a lackluster sideline coach, a charge that rattles. "How can you argue with success?" asks Bob Elliott. "He's won 71% of his games."

How can you argue with Bob Elliott, 6' 10" and soon to become the leading scorer in school history? Elliott is so motivated that occasionally he even elbows his wife Beverly for rebounds, but only when he is dreaming of winning the national title. "We got a little taste last year," he says. "This year we could take it all. We've been down too many roads and always taken too many wrong turns. This year we're going to follow the yellow brick road."

Snowden had chalk dust on his hands during preseason drills as he instituted a few changes for Operation Optimism. The primary shift will be to move Elliott from center to forward, where he will be too quick for the big men and too large for the small forwards.

Elliott is only one reason why the Wildcats' front line is awesome. Phil Taylor and Larry Demie are two other big, strong types, and Jerome Gladney can spring off the bench to throw his weight around.

The backcourt could be a problem as the team searches for a leader to replace Jim Rappaport, who graduated. Gary Harrison is the likeliest candidate. Gilbert Myles, a starter as a freshman two years ago, is another possibility. The other guard is Herman Harris, the master of the pigeon-toed jump shot and the cuckoo pass. Harris is an exciting player who leaves third-degree burns on the man trying to guard him. Now more mature as a senior, his rambunctious style is sufficiently polished so that Snowden won't have to watch it through hands over his eyes.

Check Arizona by midseason. If the move of Elliott to a wing is working, if Davis has adapted to the big college game and if someone is directing the offense, the Fox might just be drinking champagne made from those NCAA grapes.

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## INCINNATI

**7** Cincinnati: Home of Champions. Better believe it. "People don't realize what we've done," says Gale Catlett, the country slicker who coaches basketball at the University of Cincinnati. "Two years ago we had a team full of freshmen that won 23 games. Last year we won 25. Our top six players are back and we've got at least two good freshmen. I think we match up well with any team in the country." As if to prove his point, Catlett and his Bearcats are taking their 46-game home winning streak, longest in the nation, into Riverfront Coliseum, hard by the home of the Reds.

On paper, everything Catlett says makes sense. His double post consists of Pat Cummings, a 56% shooter who, Catlett believes, is the most underrated player in the country, and 6' 10" Bob Miller, who led the team with 15 points and 11 rebounds a game. Sag on them and Mike Jones, Gary Yoder, Brian Williams and sixth man Steve Collier can all beat you from outside. "I plan to be undefeated," says Williams. "I don't want to lose six games, one game, oo game."

And there's the rub. Last year the Bearcats lost six games to teams they might have beaten: each time they were dismantled. The season ended in a bizarre 78-77 loss to Notre Dame. Cincinnati led by one and had the ball out of bounds with five seconds showing on the clock but lost the ball on a stalling violation and the game oo a tip-in at the huzzar. "Sometimes when you have so much talent," says Yoder, "it's easy for guys to try to do it themselves and oot to blend their talents with others." Accordingly, the players speak of their 1976-77 goals in communal terms: tight defense, fast-breaking, aggressiveness. But that takes individual leadership, and last year's tri-captains, Mike Artis, Hal Ward and Garry Kamstra, all inspirational coming off the bench, have graduated. Just to survive the tough Metro Seveo (Florida State is the new cotry), Cincinnati must get more floor generalship from Yoder, better shooting from Williams and even more yeoman service from Miller.

The talent's there, especially with the arrival of freshmen Eddie Lee and Greg Johnson. Lee, a 6' 4" guard, is blissfully ignorant of Cincy failures past. "People know all about us in Queens," says the New Yorker. "They know we're coming to Madison Square Garden to play Rutgers and they know we're a power. I think we can do it." Cincinnati Johnson, a 6' 6" forward, was contacted by 380 schools but chose to stay close to home. "My grandparents raised me," he says. "They gave me 15 years of their lives. I can give them four."

A soloist in the choir of a Baptist congregation, Johnson felt right at home when Catlett opened the first practice with a prayer. But this team has all the God-given ability in the world. The Bearcats must do the rest themselves.



## MARQUETTE

**8** "This year the ball goes to Bo," says Warrior Coach Al McGuire. "That's my whole recruiting philosophy. We decide who gets to star."

"I've paid my dues," says Bo. "I'll continue to get my four or five assists and 14 or 15 rebounds, but I'm not going to pass up as many shots as I did last year."

The designated star is Maurice (Bo) Ellis, a 6' 9" forward who is the first four-year starter in modern Marquette history. Last year, when the team had its 10th consecutive 20-win season (27-2, to be specific), Ellis played a supporting role behind seniors Earl Tatum and Lloyd Walton, who have moved on to the pros. Now it is Bo's turn to put on the late rush for points, publicity and a fat pro contract.

Ellis led the team in rebounds as a junior and he has plenty of help on the boards. Center Jerome Whitehead, a 6' 10" junior with a set of weight-lifters' shoulders, "will dominate most people he faces this year," says McGuire, "and he'll hold his own with the super centers." At the other forward is 6' 9" sophomore Bernard Toone. As a freshman he led the team in field goal accuracy. When any of those three needs a breather—and they surely will during a schedule that includes nine games vs. 1976 tournament teams—in will come Ulice Payne, a transfer from Ohio U.; hooor student Bill Neary, a walk-oo who didn't even start in high school; or the designated star of 1979, freshman Robert Byrd, who can soar like his surname.

Senior star system or not, Marquette's act could be called the Butch and Bo Show. Guard Alfred (Butch) Lee was the Warriors' second-leading scorer as a sophomore, then started for the Puerto Rican Olympic team at Montreal and scored 35 points in a one-point loss to the U.S. (He was born in Puerto Rico but spent only three days of his infancy there.) A fight is oo for the other guard spot, which could go to either Jim Boylan, a two-year starter at Assumption before transferring, or hometown favorite Gary Roseberger, a fine outside shooter.

The talent goes deeper still, with Craig Butryn, a seven-foot backup center, and Jim Dudley, a 6' 6" transfer from Michigan State (Marquette leads the NCAA in transfers). However, perhaps the most important backup man will be Assistant Coach Hank Raymonds, one of the best Xs and Os men around. Raymonds is doubly important because the hot-tempered McGuire, who hurt his team by getting called for technical fouls in the last NCAA Midwest Regional championship tournament, has vowed to send Bo and company without him this time. That means Raymonds would be in charge. However, McGuire is already bedding on his vow.

"The toughest thing," he says, "is I'm afraid they'd win without me."

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## LOUISVILLE

**2** Like most of his teammates at the University of Louisville, 6' 11" Center Ricky Gallon digs soul and jazz. Unfortunately, he didn't dig his music history course, along with a few others. So Coach Denny Crum was forced to open Louisville's practice sessions on this discordant note: unless Gallon started attending class and worked to improve his grades, he would spend the season as the tallest student in the cbering section. Shaken, Gallon passed a make-up test in music history, putting him back in Crum's good graces—and back on the squad.

Without Gallon, Louisville still would have been outstanding. With him, the Cardinals have a chance to do wondrous things. Instead of using 6' 6½" Wesley Cox or 6' 7" Larry Williams in the pivot, Crum can play both at forward, and he can keep 6' 4" Ricky Wilson at guard, where last season he was Most Valuable Player.

Crum has so much talent and experience on hand that he can afford to play it cool with Darrell Griffith, the local kid who was the No. 1 schoolboy prospect in the country last season. Although he leaps higher than anyone save Dr. J and David Thompson, Griffith may be on the bench when Louisville opens its season. Crum's intention is to nurture Griffith and his superbly talented high school partner, Bobby Turner, with the greatest of care.

"Their attitudes are great," said Crum. "So many kids are concerned with starting as freshmen that they can't see the future. But coming here, where they'll get that good competition in practice, will make both better players in the long run. Turner has the best pair of hands on the team, and Griffith, well, he does something spectacular in practice every day."

The fact that Griffith and Turner may not start is only a measure of Louisville's talent. After last season, Cox underwent tests that indicated he suffered from exercise-induced asthma, which cut down his lung capacity. Now that he has been diagnosed and treated, Cox appears ready for his finest season, as is senior playmaker Phillip Bond. Even if Bond falters, however, Crum has an outstanding passer and ball handler on the bench in Tony Branch, yet another fine freshman.

Nonetheless, Louisville will have considerable difficulty being No. 1. One reason is its killer road schedule, which includes games against Las Vegas, Marquette, North Carolina and Memphis State. Worse is the Metro Seven post-season tournament, which determines the league's NCAA representative.

But sing no sad songs for the Cardinals. Win or lose, they ought to be one of the most entertaining teams in America. With a little luck they can go to the final four for the second time in three years.



## MARYLAND

**10** Not far from the University of Maryland in College Park there is a petting zoo where animal lovers can go and make nice with the sheep. But the best animal act within 100 miles of the Potomac River this winter could be just up the road at Cole Field House, where the Maryland Terrapins play. With only two starters returning from last season's 22-6 team, the Terps will need time to learn how to stay out of each other's way; until then, Coach Lefty Driesell is preaching Southern fried hostility. "Y'all got to be animals out there," he shouted at his team in a recent practice.

Though Driesell has been telling visitors that Maryland "ain't got nothin'" this season, he clearly relishes the prospect of molding a young team in his own image. Which is not necessarily to say bald, but certainly aggressive. "We may not be the best team in the ACC this year," says Driesell, "but we'll be the roughest and the toughest."

The toughest man in Driesell's menagerie is 6' 6" Forward Steve (Bear) Sheppard, the only senior on the team. When the Terps led the nation in shooting percentage last year (.537) Sheppard shot a stunning .567 and averaged 17.6 points a game.

Maryland lives and dies by the fast break, and the man who will be responsible for making it go is junior Guard Brad Davis, a 6' 3" passing wizard who is entering his third season as a starter. Davis had nearly six assists per game last year and his 11.6 scoring average indicates he can shoot. He should get a chance to prove it now that John Lucas (the NBA's No. 1 draft pick) and Mo Howard have departed for the pros with their combined 33.3-point scoring average.

Whatever the Terrapins lack in experience they should compensate for with depth. Driesell believes there are at least 10 players he can use interchangeably in any situation and concede nothing. First among equals is 6' 8" Forward Lawrence Boston, who led Maryland in rebounding last season, although starting in only 15 games. Boston will share the Terps' double post with either sophomore Larry Gibson or junior Mike Davis, both 6' 10". Gibson started 16 games last year before being sidelined with a knee injury. Davis, a junior-college All-America, is an inventive offensive player who averaged 14 points, 17 rebounds and five blocked shots a game at Mercer Community College.

The wing guard—or small forward—in Maryland's lineup will be either freshman Jo Jo Hunter, arguably the best high school guard in talent-rich D.C. last year, or sophomore James Tillman. And when Driesell goes to his bench he will find Guard Brian Magid, a .630 shooter.

The Terps play their first 13 games at home, at the end of which time Driesell hopes to be feeding them raw meat.

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**11** Fred Schaus took the Purdue coaching job four years ago because he wanted to escape the headaches of being a general manager in the NBA, even for his beloved Los Angeles Lakers. With moods, Elgin's knees, agents' demands—they had all taken their toll on Schaus. Maybe the college game didn't pay as well and Doris Day wouldn't be at court-side every night, but at least a Boilermaker couldn't walk out of camp because you refused to negotiate his contract. Or could he?

Consider the curious case of Kyle Macy, a freshman guard from Peru, Ind. who helped salvage a 17-9 season for Purdue last year. It was Macy who filled the nets with baskets after nifty senior Bruce Parkinson broke his wrist in the second game of the season and missed the remainder of the schedule. Macy continued to perform ably down the stretch, while Schaus suffered from the anxieties of two hairbreadth losses to Indiana and from some private worries about his own health.

When the disappointing season ended, Schaus checked into the Mayo Clinic. On April 26 he had one of his kidneys removed. Back at work but still shaky from surgery, Schaus met with Macy and learned that he wanted to shop for another school. A week later, without further word from his prize freshman, Schaus picked up a copy of *The Indianapolis Star* and read that Macy was transferring to Kentucky.

What was bothering Macy and his old high school coach, papa Bob Macy, should also be a chief concern of Purdue's opponents this winter—namely, a slew of talent at guard. Junior Eugene Parker (15.6 points per game, .508 shooting percentage) is a left-handed gun who can dominate a game. He was the Boilermakers' MVP, and according to weight room gossip, is stronger than many of Purdue's football players. Parkinson, a pro draftee, took a look at the guard-rich Cleveland Cavaliers lineup and opted for another year of college eligibility. Sophomore Jerry Siechtig, who sank 13 straight shots in a three-game span last season, is too good to be a sub.

Purdue's skinny forwards, 6' 8" Walter Jordan and 6' 7" Wayne Walls, look like a million bucks but can be liabilities when 6' 10", 220-pound Center Tom Scheffler is in foul trouble. Jordan led the team in scoring (16.9) and rebounding (9.2), but at 195 pounds is not strong enough to outmuscle very many people. Neither is Walls, a spasmoid scorer-blunderer who weighs 190. Scheffler played only 24 minutes a game last season but had some nice numbers when his stats were projected over 40 minutes. He is not Kent Benson, but if he can stay away from the silly foul, the Boilermakers may finally beat Indiana. Whether or not they can beat Michigan is another matter.



**12** Now that freshman orientation is over and everyone has been properly introduced, San Francisco can get down to the business of winning games and influencing people.

Last year the Dons tried a starting lineup that included three freshmen and a junior-college transfer, with the predictable result that Coach Bob Gaillard spent more time on his knees than a clothing salesman trying to unload the Gatsby look. Gaillard knew he was in trouble when one of the players he was counting on to run the offense asked, "Coach, how many hours does it take to drive to Europe?"

That the Dons won 22 games was testimony that freshmen Winford Boynes, Bill Cartwright and James Hardy were among the best in the country. Boynes, for example, made three all-tournament teams. This season the 6' 6" Boynes will see more action in the backcourt. "It will give me a chance to be more creative," he says.

The 7'6" Cartwright was the most publicized and tallest newcomer to hit The City since the Transamerica Building, and although he finished second to Boynes in scoring, he did not fulfill some of the great expectations. During the summer back home in the small California community of Elk Grove, Cartwright ran five miles a day while wearing a weighted vest; he also lifted barbells and practiced growling. Not only did he report for preseason drills beavier and stronger, he had a new book shot. While it does not remind anyone of Bill Russell's, it is a beginning.

Inexperience showed last year as the Dons lost the West Coast Athletic Conference championship and four of their last five games, three in overtime. After a defeat by the University of North Carolina at Charlotte in the first round of the National Invitational Tournament, a game in which Hardy was benched, there were rumors that everyone but the water boy was transferring. Only one player did, Russ Coleman, who shifted to the University of Pacific. He was the most experienced guard; Allen Thompson and transfer Chubby Cox seem the best bets to fill his position, although juniors Sam Williams and Rod Williams (no relation—one passes, the other shoots) will see a lot of action.

The team's surprise could be sophomore Ray Hamilton, a forward who was lost in all the hullabaloo last year. During a 22-day tour of Spain and Italy this past summer, Hamilton blistered opponents with his jump shots. "All he has to do is get a little confidence," says Gaillard. Marlon Redmond once again will fill the role of shooting star, dashing off the bench as a sixth man, a job that earned him all-conference bonors as a soph two years ago.

For the most part, however, USF is the same team, just a season older and a world smarter. That alone should make a big difference.

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INDIANA

**13** If you're the sort of movie fan who gets a thrill watching King Kong scale the World Trade Center, then you'll love the production being put together by that temperamental young director Roberto Knight on location in Bloomington, Ind. Entitled *King Kent*, it's about this giant redhead who goes wild and stomps on every college basketball team that gets in his way. When rehearsals began this fall, the star, Kent Benson, checked in at 6' 11" and 255 pounds, up 10 pounds. He also was two inches wider around the chest. He's so big that whenever he yawns, windows rattle in places like Ann Arbor, Mich. and West Lafayette, Ind.

The critics are anxious to see if Benson likes his star billing. Previously, he had costarred with the likes of Scott May, Quinn Buckner, Bob Wilkerson and Tom Abernethy. Now they all are gone, leaving Benson with an unknown supporting cast. A couple of 6' 9" bit players named Scott Eells and Jim Robertson are trying to fill the forward roles, while Jim Wisman and Wayne Radford are attempting to learn their lines at guard. But supersub Rich Valavicius may win one of those forward spots, depending on what kind of cast Knight needs for a given scene. Waiting in the wings is a talented but raw crop of freshmen, including 6' 9" Glen Grunwald, 6' 5" Butch Carter, 6' 5" Mike Woodson, 6' 11" Derek Holcomb, 6' 4" Bill Cunningham and 6' 8" Mike Miday. Woodson has a good chance to grab the other corner position and the rugged Miday will be one of Knight's first replacements. However, Grunwald underwent knee surgery in September, Carter was laid up with a broken foot this fall, Cunningham injured his knee and will not be back until December and Holcomb broke his thumb early this month.

If anybody can win an Oscar with this young bunch, it is Knight. His production last winter—a 32-0 record and the national championship—was as good as anything ever done by the greatest of directors, John Wooden. Knight's secret is his never-ending quest for perfection and his intense interest in winners and what makes them tick. Over the summer, for example, Knight spent a lot of time hanging around the Cincinnati Reds clubhouse, picking the brains of Sparky Anderson and Pete Rose. Earlier this fall he went to Michigan to study Bo Schembechler's techniques.

Although *King Kent* is guaranteed to be boffo box office—all home games are sellouts—not even the most ardent Hoosier fan expects it to top last year's hit. Nevertheless, the show ought to be a good one. The operation on Benson's ailing left wrist was so successful that he is shooting left-handed hooks better than ever. By playing the kind of tough defense Knight demands, the supporting cast might end up being a lot better than the critics suspect.



TENNESSEE

**14** When it became known that Tennessee was going to be on national television at least twice this season, most people assumed that it would be against UCLA on Jan. 30 in Atlanta's Omni and on March 5 against Kentucky, which could decide the Southeastern Conference championship. Well, that is the schedule, but as disturbing wire stories poured out of Knoxville the past few months, it looked as if the talent-laden Vols were also auditioning for TV Producer Norman Lear. Specifically, Tennessee has been confronted by two major problems that—sadly—are not laughing matters: All-America Bernard King has had four run-ins with the police since last season, three times for driving violations. Another charge, for possession of marijuana, was dismissed on a technicality. And, on the advice of his physician, Coach Ray Mears has not been attending practice and has put the team under the leadership of Associate Coach Stu Aberdeen. Mears is recovering from nervous exhaustion.

How badly these off-court miseries will affect a team that plays one of the nation's toughest schedules is hard to figure. King, who bypassed the NBA draft, has been suspended for at least the first three games—South Florida, UNC-Charlotte and Duke—all in Knoxville. He has averaged 25.8 points and 12.7 rebounds his first two seasons, and there is not a coach in the SEC who does not expect King to be wearing the Orange when the Vols visit Vanderbilt on Jan. 3 for the start of league play. A minor revamping of the Vol lineup for the first three games will find Olympian Ernie Grunfeld, who averaged 25.3 points last year, at the high post (King's usual position) and veteran Mike Jackson (16.7 points) and sophomore Terry Crosby at the wings. Crosby is the equal of his more publicity-seeking teammates in natural ability but doesn't always exhibit it.

Tennessee also should be improved at the other positions. Johnny Darden, the sophomore point guard, has a full season of experience running the offense and appears capable of leading the SEC in assists. The Vols needed help at the low post to relieve King of the brunt of the rebounding. Mears seems to have recruited aid in the persons of 6' 9" Reggie Johnson and 6' 6" Chuck Threatts.

If there is a clue as to how Tennessee will fare, it may come from Grunfeld, a Romanian-born New Yorker who won a gold medal, which, he says, "such great players as Julius Erving and David Thompson never did, because the Olympics occurred in the wrong year for them." Does Grunfeld have other goals? "Bernard and I never have won an SEC championship or an NCAA game," he says. As if they needed a reminder, the back of the Tennessee practice jersey bears an orange-colored (naturally) imprint of the Omni, site of the NCAA finals.

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**15** In this age of Omnis, Marriott Centers and Superdomes, there is a gym called Alumni Hall that seats only 5,308 and has no stands behind the baskets. At a time when most top teams in the nation are scheduling a lot of parties in order to lock good in the polls, there is a team that beat seven nationally ranked opponents last year. While most programs are spending big bucks in a recruiting war that rages from New York to California, there is a coach with 529 victories who seldom looks outside the Chicago area for talent. And because getting a player to sign a tender often involves selling him on the beauties of a lush, God's-country campus, it is remarkable that there is a school backed up against the el tracks near Wrigley Field that has some pretty good players.

In other words, there is DePaul. Let's meet the Blue Demon starters:

- Forward Joe Ponsetto ... 6' 7", 230 pounds ... muscular pansano whose court savvy comes from playing with an otherwise all-black high school lineup ... when he went to DePaul, friends thought he had quit school until they saw him on TV last year ... scored 21 points against Marquette after vomiting for two days ... wants to be a cop ... local company of Gensere should grab him instead.

- Center Dave Corzine ... 6' 11" and needs every inch the way he jumps ... had 13 assists to help beat Louisville 78-76 and break Cards' 24-game home-court winning streak ... rang up 28 points and dozen rebounds in 70-60 victory over Cincinnati that was typical of DePaul's 20-9 season ... holds NCAA record for bushiest Afro, particularly for white cat, which makes him look like a giant palm tree standing underneath the basket.

- Forward Curtis Watkins ... 6' 5" pogo stick who is real threat to Corzine in back department ... parts Afro on rim ... ferocious dunks may bring down old Alumni Hall walls.

- Guard Ron Norwood ... started career at Providence, then went to junior college to get grades up (but didn't play ball there), wound up as one of few players to transfer from one major college to another and make it pay off ... led team in assists, averaged 20 points, shot 50% from field ... 6' 4" city player who likes to back the ball in Walt Frazier-style ... third-round draft choice of Philadelphia 76ers.

- Guard Randy Ramsey ... 6' 1" high school teammate of Watkins and eighth Chicagoan on team ... while Norwood scored the points last year he guarded tough opponents like Lloyd Walton, Joe Hassett and Phillip Bond.

Not a bad crew for Coach Ray Meyer to have on hand for his 35th season in Chicago, and one that is sure to flatten a lot of the heavyweights on this year's schedule, which includes UCLA, Maryland, Indiana and Marquette.



**16** Driving the desolate road that connects Spokane to Pullman, the home of Washington State, one muses that the appearance of a telephone pole is almost like making human contact. It is a lonely ride, one that Pac-8 opponents won't find comforting this year. After long and doleful service as a conference sparring partner, the Cougars will be moving up to battle for the title with a seasoned cast and a House who has found a home.

Stuart House is a 6' 11" product of Detroit who hid out at the home of his girl friend to evade zealous college recruiters. Why did he pick isolated Pullman, a sure cure for exhilaration? "There isn't anything to do but practice basketball and go to class," answers the freshman. "Someplace else I'd be out on the streets with my friends."

House is extremely quick for a big man, and if his ears don't turn blue from being yelled at by Coach George Raveling, the club will be strong on the boards with Center Steve Puidokas, already the school's all-time leading scorer, back for his final season and a bid for all-conference honors. "It's kind of nice to go out there and have to work every day at practice," says Puidokas, with an admiring eye toward House.

House is only one reason for the optimism around Pullman. Freshmen Don Collins and Angelo Hill also will make contributions, with Collins pushing seniors Greg Johnson and Brian Grun for a starting wing position. If Collins shows Raveling he can play defense, his push will become a shove. Harold Rhodes, the team's best shooter, will get the call at the other wing, while Marty Gioacchini and Ken Jones will divide duties at point guard.

Fitting all the pieces together is Raveling, recruiter, author, sports-gossip columnist, raconteur and television personality, as well as coach. Raveling has a reputation as a nonstop worker, a midnight recruiter who listens to motivational tape recordings while driving his car and a man who survives on five hours of sleep a night—a combination of Dale Carnegie, Rev. Ike and Elmer Gantry. He says, "I choose not to hang around with negative people."

"I know no one can work any harder," says school president Glenn Terrell. An enthusiastic Cougar booster, Terrell hired Raveling to revive State's program, sometimes leads the students in cheers during halftime and is an occasional visitor at practice.

Last year was Raveling's first winning season in four tries, and at one point the team was 11-3 before running into the tough part of the schedule and finishing 18-8. This time around, Washington State should start and finish stronger. When he came to the school, Raveling predicted he would make people remember Pullman. This year a lot of opponents will wish they could forget it.

CONTINUED



## GEORGETOWN

**17** Until the past few years, the only polls that counted in fashionable Georgetown were Gallup and Harris. Georgetown, the home of Congressmen, cabinet members and other political movers and shakers, never paid much attention to the AP writers' poll or the UPI coaches' poll, because it never had a college basketball power in its midst. Now it does. Georgetown University, home of the Hoyas, has arrived.

Not many Georgetown residents know what a Hoya is. (In fact, no one knows.) The term is supposedly derived from a Greek-Latin phrase, *hola saxa*—what rocks—coined to describe an early Georgetown team nicknamed the Stone-walls. But whatever the Hoyas may be, they are essentially young, gifted and black. Coach John Thompson, the ham-fisted giant who is in his fifth year at Georgetown, has 11 lettermen returning from last season's 21-7 squad that made it to the NCAA West Regional, and only two of them are seniors. It was the second straight year for Georgetown to earn a berth in the NCAA tournament, only to be knocked out in the first round, and this year just making the post-season show may not be enough to satisfy the ambitious Hoyas.

Thompson has been able to reduce the exodus of talented Washington high school prospects from the District by establishing contacts at the playground level, and his efforts have begun to pay off. Last year he brought in 6' 7" Forward Al Dutch from Carroll High School, a silky shooter who averaged 11.6 points at Georgetown. This year Thompson once again got the area's top forward in 6' 7" Craig Shelton, who averaged 21 points and 20 rebounds a game and led his Dunbar High team to a 29-0 season. Another Georgetown freshman, 6' 3" Guard John Duren, scored 19 points a game for that same Dunbar team. He is one of three guards who could start beside the Hoyas' top scorer, junior Derrick Jackson, who averaged 17 points last year.

A great deal will depend on how long it takes Shelton to recover from a shattered kneecap, an injury he suffered in a high school All-Star game last spring. Thompson hopes he will be ready to play by January. "I think we can be a good team without Craig," Thompson says. "With him, we can be a very good team."

Georgetown will fast-break at every opportunity, and sometimes even when there is no opportunity. Thompson believes in the full-court press and the 25-foot turnaround jump shot. He will use nine players in equal doses.

The Hoyas prepared for the season with an eight-game tour of Taiwan, during which they discovered that playing conditions in local gymnasiums sometimes included bats hovering above the court. This season it is Georgetown's turn to drive its opponents batty.



## HOLY CROSS

**18** Here they come bounding out of history. Bob Cousy beating Loyola of Chicago with his first behind-the-back dribble; Tommy Heinsohn shooting that running hook shot; Togo Palazzi, at 44 still almost unbeatable at one-on-one; Jack (The Shot) Foley, the most prolific scorer in New England college history. That's basketball at Holy Cross.

And how better to revivify a legend than with something of a throwback, like freshman Guard Ronnie Perry Jr. The son of the school athletic director, young Perry is no doubt aware that Holy Cross won the 1947 NCAA and 1954 NIT championships. He probably knows, too, of the crummy arena that the Crusaders used as "home" courts and practice gyms—a Quonset hut, a cow barn, a temperance hall, an orchestra pit—until \$3 million, 4,000-capacity Hart Recreation Center opened last year. And even though he set a state schoolboy scoring record at West Roxbury's Catholic Memorial High, Perry plays an old-fashioned all-round game. "I don't feel any real pressure," he says. "There's so much balance I just want to mold with these guys."

He won't have to score a ton for the Crusaders, but Perry does give Holy Cross the good-shooting guard it lacked last season (22-10). The team is strongest at forward, where Puerto Rican Olympian Michael Vicens averaged 15 points a game, and Chris Potter is expected to increase his 12-point output. Swingman Bill Doran, who averaged 14 points a game, is a superb clutch player, and Guards Pete Beckenbach and Kevin McAuley are patient feeders and expert ball hawks. The only significant losses through graduation were Centers Marty Halsey and Jim Dee, who together averaged 21 points and 12 rebounds. "John O'Connor is better defensively than either of them," says Coach George Blaney, "and our freshman Charlie Browne is more physical." The Crusaders, however, always seem to have injury problems. Browne suffered chipped bones in his right ankle during practice and won't be 100% until January, and McAuley had to skip much of the preseason following knee surgery. Although the schedule is not exactly taxing, Holy Cross' admission standards are; they just about rule out anyone who doesn't have a 3.0 average. But Blaney sees this as a plus. "We need bright players," he says. "because we ask them to play at two completely different tempos—very fast on defense with zone traps, man-to-man presses and fast breaks after steals, but very patiently on offense. That's why when I recruit, I look first for attitude and second for quickness. Height is overrated. Vicens is listed at 6' 5", but he's actually about 6' 3½" and he can jump with anyone."

Indeed, the starting lineup averages just 6' 5". The last NCAA champion that small was UCLA in 1964 and 1965. And you know the tradition it started.

CONTINUED

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*Paul Owens*



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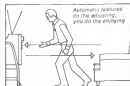
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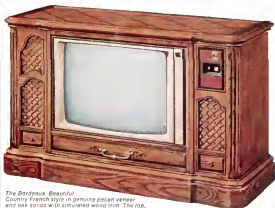
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mizing the effect on other colors. So you see natural flesthones and natural background colors.

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RCA is making television better and better.



**CHARLOTTE**

**19** They stole your heart while almost winning the NIT last March, and now those Cinderellas in knee socks are back again. You remember them: Cornbread and Machine Gun Lew and the coach with the cotton top. And if anybody doubts that UNCC can do it all again, Cornbread says, "We're going to prove we weren't snowballs in the pan."

As Cedric (Cornbread) Maxwell might also say, the 49ers have come along faster than greased thunder. Eleven years ago the University of North Carolina at Charlotte became a four-year school. Six years ago the 49ers played their first major-college basketball schedule. Last season they won more than 20 games (for the third straight year) and received a grudging invitation to the NIT. In rapid order UNCC showed it belonged by beating San Francisco, Oregon and North Carolina State before losing to Kentucky 71-67 in the finals.

With four starters back, including NIT MVP Maxwell and leading scorer Lew Massey, the 49ers will be even better. And everybody knows it, too. They can no longer creep into Vanderbilt, win by 17 points and have people call it an upset. "For the first time," says Coach Lee Rose, "the teams will be pointing to beat us." That unfamiliar prospect has added a few more white hairs to his 40-year-old head.

The four best teams on this year's schedule, Tennessee, Wake Forest, Florida State and Creighton, could well be caught—but not caught napping. Even the cautious Rose admits his team has the talent to play anybody. What UNCC does not have, though, is size or depth. Nonetheless, while building a 24-6 record last year the Mean Green never allowed more than 80 points and averaged 84 themselves.

Maxwell, the 6'8" senior center, and Massey provide most of the offense. Massey is a 6'4" forward who shoots well and often from the outside. He averaged 22.5 points per game last season for a school record total of 677. His uncle, Walter Davis, the Olympian who plays down the road in Chapel Hill, did not come close to these numbers. Maxwell averaged 20 points and 12 rebounds by floating to and around the basket. His odd habit of practicing his free-throw form before every foul shot helped make him an 82% shooter from the line. But then Maxwell is unusual in other ways, too. Take his nickname, Cornbread. You can have it, he says, because he cannot stand the stuff. He even insists he is "not crazy about basketball" and prefers to be called "the best chess player in college basketball." But he showed all the moves while becoming king of the NIT.

The other starters are Forward Kevin King, Guard Melvin Watkins, both 50% field-goal shooters, and Guard Chad Kinch, a freshman playmaker of fine promise. If everyone stays healthy, the 49ers will strike gold again.



**PENN**

**20** "When I was in the ninth grade I decided I wanted to be a basketball coach," says Chuck Daly, who has no cause to regret that decision. In the five years Daly has coached at Penn, the Quakers have gone 107-30 and have won four Ivy League titles. Daly had hopes his team would earn a fifth championship last season. In September of 1975 his squad played five games in a tournament in Italy, where one of its two victories was against a team named Varese.

"As we got on our bus after that game, the players from the Real Madrid team from Spain applauded us," Daly recalls. "It was their way of congratulating us. We didn't realize it at the time, but that loss for Varese was only its second at home in seven years."

Particularly encouraging to Daly in the Varese game were the performances of big man Henry Johnson, playmaker Mark Lonetto and high-scoring Keven McDonald. Clearly, Daly had cause for optimism.

Sad to say, Daly never found out how good his team might have been, for on the day of the first game of the 1975 season the 6'11" Johnson came down with appendicitis. Then he suffered complications, his weight fell from 215 pounds to 178 and he missed the entire season.

Without Johnson, the Quakers were 17-9 and second in the Ivy League. Now Johnson is healthy, his weight is back to 215 and he is honing his reflexes and his close-in shots. Johnson is not a dominant center (he averaged 10.8 points and seven rebounds as a junior), but he can be intimidating on defense and productive on offense. Back, too, are Lonetto (an 11-point scorer) and McDonald, who was the ECAC Rookie of the Year last season, averaging 18.9 points and 7.4 rebounds.

Freshmen are not permitted to play varsity ball in the Ivy League, but the shifty-nifty newcomers who were 17-1 for Penn last year are now eager sophomores who will help the Quakers feel their oats. Most prominent among them may be 6'1" Guard Bob Willis.

"He's got me excited," says Daly when speaking of Willis, who averaged 12.7 points per game as a freshman. Willis is an exceptional leaper who can dunk the ball backward. What really excites Daly, though, is that Willis "runs the fast break better than anyone since I've been here."

Other sophomores who give Daly a few tingles are Tony Price (21.3 points, 10.8 rebounds), rugged 6'8", 215-pound Matt White (10.1 points, 8.4 rebounds), Tim Smith, Ed Kuhl and James Brown, a 6'2" guard who has run the 100 in 9.2. "I can't hide it," Daly exults. "We've got talent. What I like about coaching is that it's not an everyday boring existence." But then Daly must have known that back in the ninth grade.

CONTINUED

# THE BEST OF THE REST

## FIVE TO WATCH

Much has been written about the New South this year, but little about the basketball prowess at Mississippi State. The Bulldogs, who have been Southeastern Conference potshots for a long, long time, have a shot at the SEC crown. Things have really changed around Starkville. In 1957 Mississippi State was scheduled to play a game in Indiana against Evansville College, but was recalled by the president of the university when it was learned Evansville was starting a black player. Kermit Davis was on the Mississippi State team that season; now he is the Bulldog coach and he will start five blacks.

State showed signs of brilliance at the end of last year, when it played well on the road and nearly beat Kentucky a second time. Now Davis adds freshman standout Ricky Brown (6' 10", 215 pounds) at center to the cast that includes super soph Ray White (6' 5", 18.3 points a game) at guard, sophomores Wiley Peck and Gary Hooker in the corners and Al Perry, who set a school record in assists, at the other guard. Brown, who averaged 28.9 points and 19.8 rebounds a game in Atlanta and was considered the premier high school big man in the country last year, has dreams of returning to his old stomping grounds in Atlanta—site of the NCAA finals.

Arkansas may be a year away from having its best team ever, but the Razorbacks will fare well with Sidney Moncrief, Marvin Delph and Ron Brewer. Thanks largely to Moncrief, Arkansas was second in the nation in field-goal percentage last season. A 6' 4" sophomore forward who can soar, Moncrief shot .665 from the floor last year, tops in the country, and word out of Fayetteville is that Sidney went home this summer and took 500 shots a day to improve his marksmanship. Brewer and Delph are also 6' 4" and tremendous leapers, but the Razorbacks could get cut up at center if 6' 11" sophomore Steve Schall or 6' 9" JC transfer Ken Gehring don't develop quickly.

Last season North Texas State Coach Bill Blakeley put a sign on the back of his chair at courtside that read **DON'T EXPECT MIRACLES**. Blakeley then proceeded to take a team that was 6-20 in 1975, went 22-4 and averaged 96 points a game—second highest in the nation. But the Eagles weren't invited to either the NCAA tournament or the NIT, so Blakeley is beefing up his schedule by dropping all non-Division I teams. The Eagles can fly; there is not a player on the team who can't dunk. Junior-college transfer Charles McMillian, a 6' 3" forward with a 22.5-point average, can perform a 42-inch vertical jump.

Wichita State won the Missouri Valley Conference last

year, but then someone discovered the course of the Missouri River just couldn't keep up with the MVC's membership changes and the league has been renamed the Valley Conference. Whatever they call it, Wichita State should win the championship. Center Robert Elmore, a 6' 10", 245-pound senior, and Lynbert (Cheese) Johnson, a 6' 5" sophomore forward who has a nodding acquaintance with the top of the backboard, will lead the Shockers' sky-high attack. The Cheese smiles at his opponents on the court, probably because he knows something they don't.

Until last year VMI had never won more than 13 games. Then the short-haired Keydets posted a 22-10 record with victories over Tennessee and DePaul in the NCAA tournament. Senior Guard John Krovic, senior Forward Will Bynum and junior Swingman Ron Carter all can break the school's career scoring record this season. At 6' 7", Center Dave Montgomery is the tallest returning starter, so the Keydets can't afford to miss many shots against teams with big men. Sophomore Jeryl Salmond, who paid to stay in school last year while waiting out a year of ineligibility, could turn out to be the best player in VMI history.



Last spring the forecast for Pepperdine called for sunny skies. The Waves had finished on top of the West Coast Athletic Conference with their best record (22-6) in 24 years. Then the clouds rolled in. League MVP Marcus Leite dropped out to play in Italy, and high-scoring Guard Dennis Johnson went to the SuperSonics as a hardship case. Seattle University could surprise the WCAC's strongman, San Francisco, with its two freshmen, seven-foot Jawaan Oldham and Guard Carl Ervin. The local pair played together six years, helping to win the state high school title the last two. They join 6' 3" leaper Clint Richardson, the Chieftains' leading scorer and last year's conference Freshman of the Year, to give Coach Bill O'Connor a young, highly talented contender.

With the two top spots in the Pac-8 ticketed for UCLA and Washington State, there is a mad scramble for third. Oregon State, which had to forfeit 15 games it won with ABA signer Lonnie Shelton in the lineup, turns to 6' 10" freshman Steve Johnson and junior-college transfer Alonzo Campbell to get itself back on track. Washington's 6' 1" Chester Dorsey, the Pac-8 runner-up in assists, will look inside for seven-foot James Edwards as Coach Marv Harshman regroup after losing seven players from a 22-6 squad. Oregon Coach Dick Harter says, "This is my first season since 1971-72 when we're going in not expecting to improve." The Ducks lost their best guard, Ron Lee, to the pros, and knee surgery on two key players, 6' 6" Stu Jackson and 6' 10" Dan Harshorne, may put too great a burden on conference scoring leader Greg Ballard.

Long Beach State doesn't want to share top billing in the Pacific Coast Athletic Association with anyone, and there's no reason why the 49ers should. Last season's co-champ,

*continued*

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Fullerton State, lacks a center, so will be hard-pressed to stop the 49ers—especially now that Long Beach Forward Richard Johnson's right wrist is healed and redshirted Lloyd McMillian (Jim's brother) is eligible to play. Also, Coach Dwight Jones has five starters returning.

Arizona State's fast-breaking, high-scoring offense must integrate two new players in order to give chase to defending champion Arizona in the Western Athletic Conference. The pair of Californians, Junior Mark Landsberger—once a junior college Player of the Year—and freshman Johnny Nash from Long Beach, who bypassed UCLA for the Sun Devils, seem tailored to Coach Ned Wulfsberg's game. WAC runners-up UTEP and Utah must suffer with inexperienced front lines. The Miners rely on backcourt men Jake Poole and Ron Jones. Utah compensates with top WAC scorer Jeff Judkins (19 p.p.g.) and Guard Jeff Jones, who owns the Ute season-assist record of 223.

Idaho State's seven-foot Steve Hayes is the big man in the Big Sky, but Boise State has three starters returning to defend its title.

Among the independents, Utah State should improve its 12-14 record. Air Force appears ready to better its best record (16-9) since 1962 and Denver—sixth in the nation on offense—retains its top five point-getters. At Portland State, junior Guard Freeman Williams, the nation's No. 2 scorer with a 30.9 average, heads an exciting offense.



Creighton and Oral Roberts, two independent powers, are suffering from the same symptoms, but neither is looking for a cure. Both teams have a rash of returning starters. Creighton has six of its top seven players back from a 19-7 season, including Coach Tom Apke's younger brother Rick, who averaged 16.8 points. Oral Roberts, 20-6 last year, lost only its center and will try to fill that void from among four giant freshmen, including John Hollinden, the tallest player in the country at 7' 5". (Steady, sports fans, he's a Popsicle stick at 215 pounds.) Anthony Roberts (no relation to Oral) and Arnold Dugger will handle the scoring; they combined for 41 points a game last year. Both Creighton and Oral Roberts have tough early road schedules.

There should be plenty of healthy competition for defending champion Missouri in the Big Eight. Kansas and Kansas State are sure to press the Tigers now that Willie Smith, their team leader and 25-point scorer, is gone. Kansas has four starters back from a 13-13 team that lost six conference games by four points or less. Paul Mokeski's pulled hamstring, which held the seven-foot center to 10 points a game last season, is healed. Kansas State lacks the Jayhawks' height but has quickness in 6' 1" Mike Evans, the Big Eight's top offensive guard, and faith in two highly touted freshmen from Brooklyn's Canisius High, 6' 2" Tyrone Ladson and 6' 5" Curtis Redding. (Also included in the package was Canisius Coach Mark Reiner, now a Kansas State assistant.)

The Metro Six was the nation's only conference to place half its members—Louisville, Cincinnati and Memphis State—in postseason tournaments. Now a seventh team, Florida State, comes aboard in the Metro's second year, hoping to receive its first NCAA bid since 1972. Memphis State Guard Dexter Reed and Center-Forward John Gunn, who provided the 21-9 Tigers with 25 points a game, are the best of Coach Wayne Yates' returning lettermen.

Southern Illinois Coach Paul Lambert is a most happy fella, and there are 10 good reasons why. His top eight Saluki scorers and rebounders are joined by two potential starting freshmen to challenge Wichita State for the Valley title. "One thing is certain," Lambert says, "there will be an Abrams at the point." Senior Corky Abrams, a 6' 8" guard, owns the league field-goal percentage record of .767, but he may move to forward if his freshman brother Wayne moves in. The Salukis run a high-post offense, which means "get the ball to Mike Glenn," the 6' 3" guard who once beat alumnus Walt Frazier one-on-one and had a 19.4-point average. West Texas State and New Mexico State both get back a splendid pair of guards; the Buffaloes' set of 6' 1" Maurice Cheeks and 6' 4" Melvin Jones is the league's best.

The Southwest Conference will have as many new faces as next year's White House, and the results are as tough to predict. Texas Tech, which woo the league tournament, and regular-season champ Texas A&M have fallen on hard times. The Aggies have lost every starter, including leading-scorer Sonny Parker, while the Red Raiders must compete without alltime career-scorer Rick Bullock. Baylor has the best shot at the title with incumbent frontline strength and two junior college transfers, Russ Oliver and Larry Rogowski, both of whom can hit from outside. Houston senior Otis Birdsong, top SWC scorer with a 26.8 average, will try to lead the Cougars to the championship in their second year of eligibility. Texas Coach Abe Lemons, who inherited little to joke about at Texas, says, "All I have right now is a roster."

Pan American not only lost Lemons to Texas but also four starters, including the nation's No. 1 scorer, Marshall Rogers. Their four returning lettermen averaged fewer than 12 points collectively on a team whose 93.6-point offense ranked third in the nation.



"Leon Douglas made a great coach out of me for four years," says Alabama's modest C. M. Newton, who had an 89-22 record over that span. With Douglas gone to the pros, Newton visited with such coaches as Bob Boyd, Dean Smith and Bobby Knight, and decided to switch to a passing and motion offense. "We've been piddlin' and messin' with it," he says. Starting Guards Anthony Murray and T. R. Dunn will play their usual tenacious defense, and Reggie King, Rickey Brown and Keith McCorrell will make opponents work for everything inside. The biggest problem is replacing Douglas, who averaged 20.6 points and 12.6 rebounds last

continued

season. Auburn, behind Guard Eddie Johnson, could make a strong run in the well-balanced SEC. In Mike Mitchell, Myles Patrick and Cedric Hodges, the Tigers have the muscle to keep the championship in the state. As always, Florida will upset one of the favorites at Gainesville. "Playing in Gator Alley," claims Gary Hooker of Mississippi State, "is like playing on a back street in New York City."

Among the independents, Notre Dame faces another killer schedule. Coach Digger Phelps lost Adrian Dantley to the pros and Bill Laimbeer to the textbooks but has four solid returning frontliners in Bill Paterno, Bruce Flowers, Dave Batton and Toby Knight. Duck Williams will do the scoring and either Ray Martin or California freshman Rich Branning will direct the offense. Detroit Coach Dick Vitale has high-scorers John Long and Perry Tyler returning, and offered a scholarship to Tiger Pitcher Mark (the Bird) Fidyrych, who declined.

Michigan State, Ohio State and Wisconsin will all be playing under new coaches. Bud Heathcote starts out at Michigan State with 6' 9" transfer Jim Coure and three returning starters. Eldon Miller, who comes to Ohio State after winning at Western Michigan, will depend upon freshman Kelvin Ramsey, who reminds some people of Michigan's Rickey Green. The first black basketball coach in the Big Ten, Wisconsin's Bill Cofield, brought in 6' 7" Joe Chmielech, 6' 4" Arnold Gainers and 6' 8" James Gregory, and all three are likely to start. Northwestern's Billy McKinney, Illinois freshman Levi Cobb and Iowa's Bruce (Sky) King are ready to move their teams up if the favorites falter. Minnesota has the talent to play with anyone, but a three-year NCAA probation will keep Center Mike Thompson (25.9 points and 12.5 rebounds per game) and the rest of the Gophers from competing in postseason play.

There are four new coaches in the Mid-American Conference, including Ray Scott, the former Detroit Pistol coach who takes over at Eastern Michigan. Miami of Ohio is the heavy favorite with four solid starters returning from last year's 18-8 team that counted seven of its losses to tournament teams. Northern Illinois' Matt Hicks (25 p.p.g.) is among the league's better players, as is Tom Cutter of Western Michigan. In the Ohio Valley, Austin Peay is the favorite, despite the loss of leading scorer Sammy Drummer, who transferred to a junior college. Otis Howard and Ralph Garner are tough underneath, and Calvin Garrett and Dennis Pagan are deadly shooters.



After winning 127 of his last 170 games at Syracuse and accepting six consecutive postseason bids, Coach Roy Danforth did a curious thing. He resigned and went to Tulane, leaving new Coach Jim Boeheim with four NCAA-seasoned starters. Aided by his ex-temmate Dave Bling, Boeheim then recruited a trio of blue-chippers, including 6' 11" Roosevelt Bouie. "I plan no changes," Boeheim says. Not on offense, defense or postseason travel.

Virginia defends its first ACC title in history but, alas, Wally Walker, the tourney MVP, is no longer on hand. To win it, the Cavs topped three Top 20 foes—N.C. State, Maryland and North Carolina—in a span of 55 hours, an invaluable experience for its nine returning lettermen, among them Billy Langlois (14.1 p.p.g.) and Marc Iavaroni (12.7). N.C. State Coach Norm Sloan has been low-key about his Wolfpack team, but he landed three splendid recruits—Clyde (the Glide) Austin, Hawkeye Whitney and Brian Walker—to take pressure off Olympian Kenny Carr, the ACC's top scorer. Clemson won a school-record 18 games in 1975, and Coach Bill Foster welcomes back Forward Stan Rome, who quit football to help his indoor game, and 7' 1" Tree Rollins, who thinks he belonged in the Olympics, too. Like Clemson, Duke has a coach named Bill Foster and a seven-footer in Mike Gminski. But unlike the Tigers, it hasn't had a winning season since 1971-72. Wake Forest has Guard Skip Brown (21 p.p.g.) and a penchant for midseason fizzes.

Even with Phil Sellers and Mike Dubocoy gone, Rutgers outclasses Villanova, Massachusetts and George Washington in the East Division of the newly formed Eastern Intercollegiate Basketball League. Hollis Copeland and Ed Jordan will have to score more, but Jim Bailey and Abdel Anderson can only improve as sophomores. The Wildcats will unite Reggie Herron, a 6' 5" frosh, with his brothers Keith (16.1 p.p.g.) and Larry (13.8). Massachusetts still has Jim Town, named the top player in New England, but it will miss those pairs of games against Yankee Conference foes. In the West Division, Pittsburgh's second-year Coach Tim Grunich will unleash a trio of highly touted recruits, most notably 6' 11" Ed Scheuermann, the most highly sought schooboy in the state.

Proctero Coach Pete Carril seems hard-pressed to threaten Penn in the Ivy League now that Armond Hill, Barnes Hauptfuhrer and Mickey Steuwer have graduated. Columbia fans who used to leave Francis Levio Gym after the freshman game last year will be slinking around now to cheer on such sophomore stick-outs as Ricky Free, Alton Byrd and Juan Mitchell. Next year, watch out!

Lafayette's 6' 9" frosh Charlie Naddaff, who wears size 19½ shoes, wrote Pistol Bob Lanier, a size 19 himself, to locate a sneaker manufacturer. Lanier turned him on to a company in West Germany and, noting that an order takes six months to fill, sent along two pairs of his own shoes. Shod with pro sneakers, Naddaff joins 12 returnees, including Phil (Loch) Ness, a 58% shooter. Welcoming back four starters from its 18-12 season, Hofstra is the East Coast Conference team to beat.

Providence will struggle to run its string of 20-win seasons to seven. The backcourt is solid with Joey (Sonar) Hassett, a 17-point scorer, but academic woes have beebled frontcourten Bill Eason and Bob Micevicius, at least for part of the year. South Carolina needs 6' 9" freshman center Jim Graziano to be ready right from the start. His reputation indicates that he might be. Seton Hall has a rebounding terror in Glenn Mosley (13.8 a game), but St. John's, with a revamped lineup, will still rule the New York area. With a star in 6' 6" Essie Hollis, a potential superstar in 6' 6" Greg Sanders and two seasoned guards, St. Bonaventure is the Eastern sleeper.

# TEXTILE HAS A WINNING PATTERN

by Kent Hannon

What's in a name? For instance, try visualizing Philadelphia College of Textiles and Science. Inner-city location. Old brick building that looks more like a factory than a school. Immediate placement for graduates: males start out in the garment district unloading racks of dresses, coeds get the latest model Touch & Sew on the assembly line and an ILGWU card. To avoid open revolt among students, there is an athletic program of sorts at PCT&S, but you not only have to earn your letter sweater, sweetie, you have to knit it, too.

Philadelphia Textile fits that picture about as well as Kate Smith does a size 5. To begin with, the school is blessed with a real campus, the equal scenically of neighboring Villanova and St. Joseph's. Located on 40 wooded acres of the old Bond Bread family estate just north of Philadelphia in Germantown, Textile's fall foliage is more colorful than an ad for Burlington House. One of Pennsylvania's oldest Atlas cedar trees, a massive specimen, thrives beside the admissions building, and the surrounding neighborhood is just as impressive. If you head up Henry Avenue past Schoolhouse Lane, you come upon the Kelly mansion, where construction-tycoon John B. raised a daughter named Grace, who grew up to be a movie queen and then a real live princess.

The college is hardly a spawning ground for blue-collar workers, what with the annual tab for tuition, room and board running to about \$4,000. PCT&S offers degrees in everything from business administration to pre-med, but the school's principal concern is turning out chemists, engineers and future executives for its principal benefactor, the textile industry. It is the oldest and largest institution of its kind in the country and it likes to think of itself as the MIT of cloth. Down through the years the research department has been called upon to restore Betsy Ross' original flag when it started coming apart at the seams; to design flame-retardant flight suits for NASA; and to produce replacement parts for the human body, such as the connecting piece made from Dacron, which British doctors successfully used during intestinal surgery on the Duke of Windsor.

Textile is no pushover in the sports world either, despite an enrollment of only 1,300 students and a 39-letter name that drives Athletic Director Harry Pure—and many others, he fears—to distraction. "I thought something had to be done, so I went in to see the president about our name

and the confusing image it projects to some people," says Pure, who is as devoted to horticulture and public relations as he is to balancing the athletic budget. "The president just looked at me and said, 'Harry, if you want to give a million dollars a year to the school, we'll be glad to call it Pure College. If not, it's going to remain Philadelphia College of Textiles and Science.'"

Apparently a cumbersome name hasn't hindered the success of the school soccer team, which made its sixth consecutive appearance in the NCAA tournament this fall, or of Striker Dale Russell, a four-year All-America who won what amounts to the Heisman Trophy of college soccer last year. However, it is Textile's basketball team, a small-college juggernaut for more than a decade, that is in a class all by itself.

Once known as the Weavers—what else?—Textile now answers to the chant of "Rams, Rams" from hometown partisans while trying to ignore a lot of unprintable epithets from its poor oppressed opponents on the road. The Rams have qualified for the NCAA small-college tournament every year but one since 1963. Their coach, Herb Magee, has the highest winning percentage of anyone in Division II, the spare room that the NCAA has made up to accommodate little guys like Philadelphia Textile, which play good basketball but cannot afford a major-college traveling schedule. In Magee's nine years as coach he has produced a 195-53 (.786) record and has won more than 20 games eight times. The only year he failed to receive a postseason bid was in 1974, when he suspended three starters for violating training rules.

Em (the Gem) Sammons was a meek freshman in those days, still feeling his way and unable to do much to stop the slide to 10-14. In three years, the bearded 6' 1" guard has matured into the leader of an all-Philly contingent that again is a good bet to win the national championship. Last year Cheyney State upset the Rams 60-59 in the regionals, ending a 22-game winning streak and a 25-3 season on a sad note. Sad, that is, until the postseason party where community and school leaders surprised Magee with a new Dodge Charger and his players with watches to make up for the ones they didn't win in the tournament.

Sammons, a 19.1-points-per-game scorer who finished fourth in the nation in free-throw shooting (.888), is typical of Magee's players, a product of the Philadelphia Catholic League where Magee himself played and where teamwork and defense are considered the main tenets of success. Sammons was so overlooked by major colleges that he finally walked into Magee's office in August before his freshman year because he was tired of waiting for a phone that never rang. The rest of the starting five—and for that matter the remainder of the team—have similar stories to tell, they were all told they were "too short" or "too slow" or too something to make it at a major college.

Center Ray Tarnowski ended up at Textile because he was too bad. He was the 15th man on his high school team, the guy whose name almost never appeared in the box score. Now the 6' 9" senior is a double-figure scorer and rebounder who seldom misses from inside 12 feet. Captain Jim Edwards, a 6' 5" forward, is the strong, silent type. Critics said there was no flair to his game—and there isn't to this day. Edwards is just a likable guy with a 3.5 academic av-

continued

erage who makes about as many mistakes on the floor as he does in the classroom. Forward Rick Watson, one of two public league players on the team, got lost in the shuffle at Overbrook High, which has had wall-to-wall talent ever since Wilt Chamberlain went there. Guard Lloyd Ranson was considered an in-between at 6'3" and 180 pounds, but can jump so high and take care of himself so well that Magee is thinking of sending his name to the Dallas Cowboys and Baltimore Colts, who circulate questionnaires asking basketball coaches if they have any potential football players on their squads.

All of which made it ironic when the Rams' discredited players stepped up in class last year and beat both Villanova and Temple in the Palestra. Understand that the Palestra is the house of worship for Philadelphia basketball. The city championship is held there every year, and there isn't a player in Philadelphia who doesn't murmur to himself, "Gotta get to the Palestra, gotta get to the Palestra," every night along with his prayers. Herb Magee was no different, except that he was a good enough shooter to get his West Catholic High team there in 1959. Overbrook, the public league champ, had Wally Jones and Walt Hazzard and won going away.

"I'd been saying, 'Gotta get back to the Palestra' for 17 years when we met Villanova in last year's season opener," says Magee. "They were supposed to have more firepower with the Trigger Brothers, Keith and Larry Herron, but we beat them 65-59, and suddenly Textile was front-page news in Philadelphia." Sammons & Co. had Temple down by 23 points in the Palestra later in the season and won 70-58. Villanova Coach Rollie Massimino has not yet carried out his jovial threats to drop Textile from the Wildcats' schedule. But after three losses to Textile in the last four games, Temple has taken the Rams off its schedule.

The Rams are no stranger to the spotlight, not accustomed to springing the big upset. In 1970 Magee took one of his patchwork teams to the Division II championship. In the finals the Rams knocked off powerful Tennessee State, which was led by future pros Lloyd Neal and Ted McClain. It was a very good year to win, because 1970 was the only year the tournament has ever been on national TV. No polls were taken to determine how many Philadelphians knew what title Textile had actually won. But the City of Brotherly Love, hungry for a champ in any sport, welcomed the Rams home with a parade to the mayor's office. When Magee and the players returned to Germantown, campus buildings had been hastily rededicated (via poster board, paint and brush) in honor of the five starters. Althouse Hall, for example, became McGilvery Hall in deference to Jim McGilvery, the Rams' leading scorer and rebounder who had originally planned on paying his own way at La Salle until Magee offered him an extra scholarship he couldn't seem to find a body for.

So here was Herb Magee: flying high, a brilliant judge of talent with a telegram from Richard Nixon on the wall and an NCAA title under his belt, only 29 years old and on his way to the top. And from whom does he get one of his first telephone calls? John Wooden, asking him to be an assistant at UCLA? Jack Ramsay, looking for a new face on the '76ers' bench? Nope. "It was a guy over at the Germantown post office," Magee recalls. "They had heard our

name, figured we were an industrial league team and wondered if they could get a pickup game with us. It reminded me of the time I went to talk to the father of a recruit. 'Thanks for your interest,' the man said to me, 'but we want our son to go to college.'"

There is another side of small-college life, that small-time, nobody-knows-we're-here kind of feeling that pervades even a successful program like Philadelphia Textile's. Pete Mimmo and Steve (Cazzie) Rush, the Rams' sixth and seventh men, seem to describe this malaise best.

Mimmo says, "It's the six-hour bus rides to the Juniatas, the Alhrights, the Susquehannas—teams you blow out by 30—that kill you. Then back on the bus for six more hours, and you get home by, oh, four in the morning. Feel tip-top for class the next day, right? And when we play at some places it seems like one of the referees could be the athletic director's brother. We thought we were the best team in Philadelphia last year, but people can always stop you with that zinger: 'Yeah, but who do you play?'"

Rush is a total basketball freak who collects memorabilia like Rick Mount's old Baltimore Claws jersey and talks incessantly about his own jump shot being the best in the country. His presence eliminates the need for a full-time sports information director at Textile, because, for example, he has memorized all of Sammons' statistics and can rattle them off at a moment's notice: "Emory was 11 for 13 from the field and 7 for 7 from the line against Old Dominion for 29 points. Came out with an itchy finger and made his first three shots on the way to 40 points against Delaware Valley." And so on. The Cazz is a delight to be around and he can go all day if you let him. But his entire act seems a way of covering up his own disappointments.

"I got hundreds of letters as a junior in high school," he says. "The key is they were just letters, not scholarship offers. I was really selective at first; you wouldn't believe the schools that ended up in my wastebasket. Then, as a senior it boiled down to Massachusetts. They wanted me to meet Julius Erving and all that. Then they came to see me play, and suddenly they weren't inviting me up."

If the Rams can win another national championship, it will make a lot of people like Cazzie Rush very happy. It may not change their lives, though, the way it would if they were at Villanova or any major-college school. Harry Pure, bless him, will go on spending extra money to alter the layout of a new soccer and baseball field, so that a beautiful old copper beech will not have to be cut down. Herb Magee is committed to Textile, having survived this far after living first in the infirmary and then in a trunk room as an undergraduate. Emory Sammons' chances of playing pro ball hinged more on the existence of the ABA than on the prospects for an NCAA title this season. He will be drafted, win or lose, but whether or not he makes it is up to him. No way the Gem gets a no-cut contract.

Sammons is a good small-college player, as are his teammates, and in his element he can look as dazzling as, say, Michigan's Ricky Green does in his. Both players are concerned with trophies, engraved watches, championship rings—tangible rewards that make their endeavors seem worthwhile. In that sense, Sammons and Green are probably alike. Sammons may not be as talented or as tested, but he is cut from the same piece of cloth.



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# STATING DELTA'S CASE

by Nancy Williamson

If you have all five starters back on a team that has won two straight AIAW titles, put together a 61-1 record over the past two seasons and made Cleveland, Miss. (pop. 15,000) the capital of women's basketball, you might sit back and enjoy life. Not Delta State. The Lady Statesmen have a mission. Last March, after they beat Immaculata in the AIAW finals 69-64, University President Kent Wyatt said, "Everyone agrees we're No. 1, but Immaculata still has a record we have to beat—three championships in a row [1972-74]." Toward that goal Delta State will again rely on All-Everything Lucy Harris, top scorer and rebounder on the silver medal winning U.S. Olympic team, two-time All-America and MVP at the nationals. Last year the 6' 3", 185-pound Harris averaged 31.2 points and 15.1 rebounds a game—but she wasn't the whole show. Cornelia Ward averaged 11.9 points and shot 86% from the foul line. Captain Wanda Hairston pulled down 277 rebounds. Ramona Von Boeckman set a school record for assists with 335, and 4' 11", 85-pound Debbie Brock saved four games with her razzle-dazzle ball handling.

The starting five—Coach Margaret Wade seldom goes to the bench—are called "The Cardiac Kids" because of their unnerving habit of coming from behind to win. But how-

ever they choose to do it, you can't knock success, in two years only Immaculata has beaten them—64-53, on Feb. 23, 1976, trivia fans. With the toughest schedule in the country, Delta State will again cause palpitations, but a third title is likely if Harris & Co. stay healthy.

And what of Immaculata? "I think for all of us, beating Delta State is a haunting dream," says Marianne Crawford Stanley, who led the Mighty Maes to the national finals the past two years. This season the graduated All-America is an assistant to Coach Cathy Rush, but everybody else has returned, and Immaculata will again be a powerhouse. The team's top players are senior Guard Mary Scharff, 6' 4" Center Sandy Miller, who added weight and muscle in a summer training program, and 6' 1" Forward Denise Burdick. All three averaged in double figures in Immaculata's run-and-gun attack, but now Rush has put in a new offense that emphasizes the high percentage shot. "It's not easy but I'm trying to slow them down so we can stay out of foul trouble," she says. Moreover, a deliberate attack would better suit the talents of the country's tallest woman player, 6' 11" Gwen Buchman, who is thinking about enrolling at the suburban Philadelphia college in January. If Rush signs her (she is currently looking for a job, after graduating from ju-



The Lady Statesmen keep rolling: (from left) Hairston, Harris, Brock, Coach Wade, Ward and Von Boeckman.

nior college), then the Maes will be even mightier. Without Buchman, Immaculata could be overhauled by either Wayland Baptist or Tennessee Tech.

In the ALAW semifinals last March, Wayland Baptist, from the flat, windy plains of Plainview, Texas, came within a hairbreadth of upsetting Delta State. The Flying Queens (they travel in three airplanes supplied by local banker Claude Hutcherson) shot 63% from the floor compared to 43% for Delta, but they got into foul trouble and lost 61-60. The defeat has not been forgotten and their gold-and-blue locker room is decorated with such inspirational messages as THIS IS NOT THE TIME FOR LOOKING BACK, IT'S TIME FOR BEING STRONG. REMEMBER, WE MEET OUR OPPONENTS NOT THEIR REPUTATIONS and BLST THEIR BAZOOZAS. Not all signs are directed at the Lady Statesmen, but junior Leanne Waddell says, "The loss hit a fire under us. Now we have super team unity, and that was the little inch missing last year."

Also missing was a big center. No more. To the dismay of 50 other colleges, Coach Dean Weese acquired 6'3" Jill Rankin, who averaged 40 points per game at Phillips (Texas) High School. Although she may be weak on defense, she can shoot with Harris and will probably be the second-highest scorer on a team that is loaded with sharpshooters. Leading the barrage will be All-America Breana Caldwell (16-point average), while sturdy 6'1" Marie Kocurek will be going for what she misses. Also returning on the tall, versatile squad are 5'11" Waddell, 5'10" Val Goodwin and 5'9" Leann Shieldknight. Two 5'10" freshmen all-stars from Texas, playmaker Kathy Harston and Elaine Schulte, are fitting nicely into Weese's two-platoon system, and the Flying Queens will again be strong defensively.

In his three years at the small coed Baptist college (1,000 enrollment), Weese has a 106-10 record, won two AAU titles and three National Women's Invitational crowns. However, in ALAW competition, the Flying Queens have had their wings clipped—fifth in 1974 and 1975 and third last season. "Now we have the talent to move up to No. 1," says Weese.

Tennessee Tech Coach Marynell Hutsell considers such talk nothing more than a tall Texas tale, because with the best outside shooters in the country she, too, is aiming for the top. Last season the Golden Eaglettes led the major colleges in scoring with a 90.1 average. "With us, people don't know who to guard," says Forward Pam Peek. The top four scorers are still around, led by Guard Gayle Burgess (20.3 points), six-foot Center Pam Cassidy (15.1 and 17.6 rebounds), Peek (13.9) and Guard Kim Grizzle (11.6). Holdovers 6'5" Trish Bell and six-foot Janet Bowden add much-needed height inside, and with three promising freshmen all-stars, Coach Hutsell has one of the deepest teams in the country. Last year the Cookeville school had the nation's second-best record, 28-2 (losing to Delta State and William Penn), but the Golden Eaglettes are in a highly competitive region, and Eastern Kentucky, the University of Tennessee and Old Dominion could beat them.

#### THE TOP TEN

- 1 DELTA STATE
- 2 IMMACULATA
- 3 WAYLAND BAPTIST
- 4 TENNESSEE TECH
- 5 CAL STATE-FULLERTON
- 6 WILLIAM PENN
- 7 MERCER
- 8 MONTCLAIR STATE
- 9 QUEENS
- 10 STEPHEN F. AUSTIN

On the West Coast, California State-Fullerton is in a similar fix: it will have to get past UCLA, California-Long Beach and vastly improved University of Nevada, Las Vegas to qualify for the nationals. However, U.S. Olympic Coach Billie Moore of Fullerton says, "We have all five starters back, more speed, greater depth and, always remember, we have Nancy Dunkle inside." The 6'2" Dunkle has scored 1,081 points in three years and averaged 12.2 rebounds. At center she is a match for Harris, and the Titans have the experience to make it to their fourth straight nationals.

Prospects should be gloomy in Okaloosa, Iowa, where William Penn has lost All-Americans Jan Irby and Susan Kudrna, its No. 1 and No. 2 scorers the past three seasons, but Coach Bob Spencer is undaunted. "No one is indispensable," he says, "including the coach." Nonetheless, it helps to have Bonnie Foster, Renee Raub and Glenda Poock on hand. Although only Foster is over six feet, all three scored in double figures last season, and Poock (5'10") led the team in rebounds. Playmaker Brenda Dieckmann is also back, and five Iowa all-stars and a 5'11" transfer provide bench strength. Kansas State, Nebraska and Central Missouri will be William Penn's main contenders in the rugged

Midwest region, but the First Ladies have a tradition of coming through in the clutch, finishing fourth, seventh and fourth in the nation in the past three years.

Mercer, a team that has never been ranked nationally, could be the surprise of the season. Coach Peggy Collins has all her starters back, including Olympian Cindy Brodton, who averaged 30.1 points and 10.6 rebounds while breaking seven school records as a freshman. Last year the Mason (Ga.) university lacked height but Collins recruited 6'9" Kathleen McIntyre of Okeechobee, Fla. and 6'7" Dee Hazel, a 29-year-old mother of three who has not played basketball since graduating from high school in 1964. The towering, but far from polished, pair provides the tallest one-two punch in the country, and with the shooting ability of Brodton the Teddy Bears could be far from cuddly.

If Mercer stumbles, two Eastern teams, Montclair State, led by All-America Forward Carol Blazejowski (28.5 points), and Queens College, with a surplus of speedy guards, could advance. However, the Squaws of Upper Montclair, N.J., who lack height, might have trouble with Maryland or Pitt, and the Knights could be taken by Southern Connecticut.

Stephen F. Austin should edge out a tall Baylor club to finish behind Wayland in the regionals, thereby advancing to the finals. All-America Doris Felderhoff is the Ladyjacks' only six-footer, but Coach Sue Gunter is known for her scrappy teams, and she has more speed and depth this year.

At long last, there are now a number of colleges which could win the national title because of the influx of highly talented freshmen and transfers. If Wayland's Rankin or Tennessee Tech's Pam Chambers are quick studies, the five-year Delta State-Immaculata monopoly could be shattered. "There are 10 teams that could take the championship," says a coach who should know—Margaret Wade, Chairman of the Board of Harris & Co.

END

## HIS BEAT IS THE BOOTH



ONE OF O'GORMAN'S CHORES IS HOLDING UP IDIOT CARDS

Jim O'Gorman is a 47-year-old production stage manager for NBC Sports, and his job puts him on the road as much as anyone in television this side of Charles Kuralt, CBS' peripatetic reporter who crisscrosses the country in a 22-foot motor home. But unlike Kuralt, O'Gorman never gets his face on camera, and if his voice should somehow happen to come over the air, it would be considered a TV gaffe of the worst sort.

For about 45 weekends this year, O'Gorman has been on the move, and by the time Super Bowl XL is concluded on Jan. 9, his stops since New Year's Day 1976 will have included the World Series, two Orange Bowl games, a heavyweight championship fight in Germany, the French Open tennis tournament, the NCAA college basketball championships, the NFL playoffs and enough regular-season baseball and pro football games to make it a wonder that he hasn't lost his sanity, to say nothing of his laundry.

Anyone in the habit of reading credits at the end of televised sporting events would have noticed O'Gorman's name many times. In addition, he often is given verbal acknowledgment by the announcers with whom he is working, as well he should be. Without stage managers, most announcers would be incapable of performing their jobs. In these days of instant replays, roving cameras and endless commercials and promos, a sports broadcaster is under continual pressure.

In some cases, announcers are little more than parrots repeating what is shouted into their earplugs by producers and directors located in trucks beneath the stadiums. Good broadcasters still do their own homework and contribute significantly to the coverage of an event, but even the best of them must rely on men like O'Gorman to coordinate the activity between the "announce booth" and the trucks.

The chores O'Gorman performs seem simple enough. He gives the countdown to start and end the show, writes and holds up idiot cards from which the announcers read intros, promos and the like, arranges pre- and post-game interviews, gives the broadcasters their cues and polices the booth to make sure no unwanted people get in. But his job is much more difficult than those tasks would make it appear because he must also act as a buffer in the relationship—which often gets downright hostile—between the men in the booth and those in the truck.

O'Gorman is told things that announcers, many of whom have tender egos, are never allowed to hear. Furious shouts often will come through the plug in O'Gorman's ear. "Jim, did he really say that? Tell him to correct it now." Or "Jim, he's talking too much. Jim, tell him to look at the damned monitor. Jim, make him read the promo now, whether he wants to or not. Jim, get the blanket dandruff off his blazer."

NBC Producer-Director Ted Nathanson, who has worked with O'Gorman for more than a decade, says, "What O'Gorman does is tough. He has to handle the 'talent' on a one-to-one basis and be able to say things to them under pressure that they definitely don't want to hear. He has the perfect personality for the job, because he has a natural ability to handle people."

Executive Producer Scotty Connal also has often worked with O'Gorman. "Sometimes we change cues five times in a matter of sec-

onds, and Jim has to have the announcers ready to handle such situations," Connal says. "And he has to keep the announcers 'up' for 2½ to 3 hours. They are going to have bad days like anyone else, but he's got to somehow bring out the best in them. The relationship has to rely on mutual respect. O'Gorman gets that."

He gets it because he is ready for anything. O'Gorman always travels with a large gray emergency case, whose contents should handle most problems an announcer might encounter: Di-Gel, nasal mist, first-aid cream, suntan lotion, lip balm, cologne to cover up body odor, hangover potions, eye drops, a mirror, needles and thread, a clothes brush, a map of the U.S., a table for converting temperatures from Celsius to Fahrenheit, and dental floss. "The dental floss might seem a little odd," O'Gorman says, "but as announcers get older, they all seem to have trouble picking their teeth."

He also carries a complete list of the electees to the National Polish American Sports Hall of Fame and Museum in Orchard Lake, Mich. so that he can "remind Tony Kubek that he hasn't made it yet."

O'Gorman came to NBC in 1963 from WWJ-TV in Detroit. Although he works mostly on sports, he also stage-manages soap operas and other programs on which the network might require his services during the week. Among his credits are the *Today*, *Tonight* and *Tomorrow* shows. Obviously O'Gorman is no slouch at his job; in fact, he is so well suited to it, he even has the right appearance. "I've got the face of a New York cop," says O'Gorman. "Whenever I get on a subway and look around, other people rush to get off."

But O'Gorman is a sensitive man who reads constantly and watches little on TV except the news and Public Broadcasting System shows. He also is a jazz buff and an expert on the geography and history of Ireland. Even during the most heated moments in the booth he tries to keep in mind a poem his third-grade teacher taught him:

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Keep them soft and sweet  
You never know from day to day  
Which ones you'll have to eat.

END





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## Favorite wish for Mich

VICTORY OVER OHIO STATE, ESPECIALLY WHEN THE BIG TEN TITLE AND A ROSE BOWL BIRTH DEPEND ON IT, IS WHAT THE WOLVERINES CRAVE. LAST WEEK THEY GOT IT

Last Friday evening in Columbus, Ohio, while Woody Hayes and his Ohio State Buckeyes were watching yet another inspirational John Wayne movie—this time *The Shootist*—Bo Schembechler was tucking his Michigan Wolverines in for a long night's sleep. It is Bo's custom on these occasions to rap lightly at each player's door around 9 p.m. to make sure no one is doing anything outrageous, like ordering a garlic pizza or sneaking out the window for a night on the town. But when the night watchman came to one room he took the liberty of inviting himself in, sitting himself down and having a bedside chat with Greg Morton, a defensive tackle, and Calvin O'Neal, a middle linebacker. Schembechler wanted to give them some-

thing to dream about—namely, a victory over Ohio State.

Morton and O'Neal are both players of distinction, but even as fifth-year seniors, they had never seen their team defeat Ohio State. Michigan had been unbeaten before each of the previous four games with a chance to represent the Big Ten in the Rose Bowl. But after losses in 1972, '74 and '75 and a tie in '73, it was the Buckeyes who went West for New Year's.

"Gentlemen," Bo began, "here we are again. You know how close we've come in the past, but something has always happened to stop us. Some people are even saying we've choked. Now we know that's not true. We've just made some mistakes we shouldn't have made. But tomorrow we're not going to make those mistakes because tomorrow we're going to win."

The following afternoon, before a record and hostile Ohio Stadium crowd of 88,250, that dream became a reality as Michigan did win, 22-0. It took the Wolverines two full quarters to get their offense in gear, but once under way they were relentless, driving to three touchdowns in the second half and being thwarted on their other two possessions by an interception after reaching the 16 and by the clock after getting to the 12. During the same 30 minutes the Buckeyes were minus seven yards net on the ground, throwing an interception, losing the ball on a fumble and never penetrating past the Michigan 38.

"Any team that can beat us that badly," said a gracious Woody Hayes afterward, "has got to be No. 1." And Hayes threw a special

bouquet to Schembechler. Recalling that his old protégé had undergone open-heart surgery before the season began, Hayes boosted him for Coach of the Year. "It is almost unbelievable what he has done," said Woody. "It was the most courageous job in football this year."

Only three weeks ago courageous Bo and mighty Michigan were everybody's No. 1. But that was before a 16-14 loss to Purdue. Because Ohio State was unbeaten in the Big Ten (although losing to Missouri 22-21) and being tied by UCLA 10-10 outside the conference, the Wolverines needed a victory Saturday just to be co-champion. The Buckeyes had been in that position twice before in recent years and won. Now that Michigan has finally done the same, the Wolverines can take their half load to Pasadena to play USC, while the Buckeyes head to the Big Ten's unofficial runner-up berth in the Orange Bowl.

This is the eighth time in the last nine years that the Michigan-Ohio State game has divided up the conference spoils, leaving nothing at all for the Little Eight. Until Saturday the Wolverines had won only two of the games, upsetting the Buckeyes in 1969. Bo's first year, and winning in 1971, when Ohio State was out of the running and the result did not matter as much. Michigan's repeated, almost predictable failures had some people thinking it might never beat Ohio State again. Even back home in Ann Arbor a clothing salesman admitted that his store's \$14 short-sleeved sweater with the school insignia "might be half price after the game on Saturday."

Schembechler was thinking more positively. The close scores of the last four games (14-11, 10-10, 12-10 and 21-14) indicated that "We've never played badly and they've never dominated us. In fact, the score is the only thing that's really gone against us. I'm not going to sit back and say they've beaten the heck out of us, because they haven't. We've been playing well enough to win, so now we have to play well and win as well."

Publicly at least, Schembechler went around radiating the good disposition of a man who knew his number would be drawn in the next lottery. But then, Bo is smiling more these days. His heart attack seven years ago and the surgery last May have given him a better perspective on life. "I'm not as uptight as I used to be," he says. "I know that losing a football game is not the end of the world."

*continued*



MANY HELPED MICHIGAN'S ATTACK, BUT LYTLE WAS VITAL



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JOHNSON, OHIO STATE'S ALLTIME TOUCHDOWN LEADER, FOUND THE END ZONE OFF LIMITS

Losing the Ohio State game can be something else, of course—the end of the universe, at the very least—so he fudged a little on his doctor's standing orders to watch his diet, get plenty of exercise and take a nap every noon. He is still gung ho, as one of his players put it, but as another said with relief, "He's also more relaxed, and this week—that made it better for all of us."

Hayes was putting in extra hours too, even passing up Patton on television the Sunday night before the game for a staff meeting. "We started thinking about this one after the Rose Bowl last January," he said. "This is the best team we'll face this year and we always point to beat the best team." The Buckeyes had already clinched at least a share of their fifth straight conference title, but they figured to be a touchdown underdog against the Wolverines. A Columbus sportswriter who dared to predict a Michigan victory was hung in effigy at a meeting of a local booster organization. Woody answered such defeatist talk by saying, "When you're an underdog you play from your heart. It involves your ability, determination and just damn meanness to go on every play." Well, if meanness is all it takes, Defensive Tackle Eddie Beamon promised, "We'll crush 'em."

These were hollow threats, though. Wolverine Quarterback Rick Leach and Wingback Jim Smith are a deadly (if infrequent) passing combination, and speedy Running Backs Rob Lytle, Russell Davis and Harlan Huckleby came into the game averaging roughly six yards a carry. Ohio State, on the other hand,

had a fullback (Pete Johnson) with two bad ankles, a senior quarterback (Jim Pacenta) with only three career starts and a tailback (Jeff Logan) who was pretty good but was no Archie Griffin. "I had the feeling we could blow those guys out," said O'Neal when the game was over. "They just didn't seem to have the offensive threat they've had in the past."

In the first half, neither team did. It was conga football at its most absurd—one, two, three, kick!—everything the Ohio State-Michigan game usually is, only worse. The Buckeyes' Tom Skladany punted four times, and the Wolverines' John Anderson three before Michigan made the game's initial first down. When it finally was accomplished, on a nine-yard run by Lytle with 12 minutes gone, it seemed totally out of place. How quaint! The Buckeyes did not muster a 10-yard drive of their own until their sixth possession. Later in the half, though, they put together a serious march to the Michigan 10. Then, on a second down and eight, Pacenta faked a hand-off and, under extreme pressure from an unexpected blitz, looped a pass in the approximate direction of Tight End Greg Storer. Unfortunately, Storer was neither alone nor very close to the football, and one of two Wolverines accompanying him, Jim Pickens, poked the ball off. It was a horrible decision by Pacenta—most high school quarterbacks in Ohio would have taken the eight-yard loss—and an odd call by a coach who had said just two days before, with much pride, that "only rushing teams win the Big Ten title." Later, even Woody admitted, "I

don't have an alibi. I just called a bad play. But I will always wonder what might have happened if we had been able to score." A fair guess is 22-3.

The scoreless first half did not dishearten Schembechler. "Coming into the game," he said later, "I felt there was no way they were going to stop us. Then at halftime I honestly didn't believe they'd score. I knew that our defense could hold them if we didn't give up the ball deep in our own territory. As for ourselves, I felt we could score if we just straightened out and started executing what we'd done all year."

Entering the game, Michigan ranked first nationally in rushing, scoring and yards gained per offensive play. It had a strong option attack featuring Leach, a sophomore on the path to greatness, and Lytle, a senior whom Schembechler considers "the best buck I've ever coached." Whether operating as a tailback (as he did against Ohio State) or at fullback (as he did last year and much of this season), the 195-pound Lytle had been outstanding. He entered the game as the school's record ground-gainer (3,085 yards) and with the best yards-per-carry average (7.1) in the country. He is durable, too, never missing a single practice or game with an injury and admitting to two cracked ribs suffered before the season began only after they had knit.

However, despite the best efforts of Leach and Lytle, Ohio State contained the Michigan outside game in the first half. "We were getting some yardage on them inside," said Lytle, "but it was sporadic. In the second half they tried to shut off the middle more and it left the option and pitch open. But a lot of it was my fault, too. I kept looking for the big play even though it wasn't there. I just told myself in the second half that I'd better get my butt in gear."

On the first play of the third quarter Leach went right for nine yards. Three plays later Lytle went left for 15. Then it was Leach right for 20 and Lytle right for 11. Their speed was spreading Ohio State's defenders like a rubber band. Fullback Davis finally capped the 80-yard drive by slipping through right tackle from the three.

After the kick-off the Buckeyes waited three plays before unleashing their most potent weapon. Punter Skladany, who finished the day with a 52-yard average on right kicks. But another of several fine returns by Smith gave the Wol-

continued

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verines the ball at their 48, and it took them only five minutes to score again. Lyle started the drive with a 16-yard burst around the right side, and Wingback Smith kept it alive when he picked up 16 more to the Buckeye nine on a tricky reverse pitch to the left. Davis scored his second touchdown on another three-yard bolt off tackle. Schembechler had promised "another dull game just like the others," but after the touchdown he tried an unorthodox and risky twist. Realizing that a 14-14 tie would deny his team the Rose Bowl again, Schembechler ordered a two-point attempt. But not just any two-point play. No, on this one, added especially for the game, Michigan lined up in kicking formation and let the holder, Jerry Zuver, race the ball around right end for a 15-0 lead.

Zuver also played a decisive role when he intercepted a Paenata pass and returned it 13 yards to the Buckeyes' 15. Three plays later Lyle scored from the three, his 15th touchdown this season.

Lyle finished with 165 yards in 29 carries as the Michigan offense bettered its 362-yard rushing average by four. The defense, led by Morton's 14 tackles, held Ohio State to 104 yards total offense, 225 yards below its average.

Although it was Michigan's fifth shut-out of the year, it was the first time Ohio State had been blanked since a 10-0 loss to the Wolverines in 1964. In fact, as Bo himself was quick to point out, the Buckeyes did not score a touchdown against them at home two years ago either, kicking four field goals in their 12-10 victory. "You know, I got more and more confident about this game as the week went on," Schembechler said. "I would have been sick if we hadn't won. Now I can envision the Rose Bowl being for the national championship."

Now there's something to really dream about.

## THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

**MIDWEST** If they had appeared on *The Gong Show*, several Big Eight teams might well have been gonged into submission. As it was, Missouri pulled a disappearing act and vanished from the Top 20, philanthropic Iowa State repeatedly gave the bullaway, and Kansas State sim-

ply did not have the troops to spring an upset.

Missouri had a bid to the Sun Bowl in its hip pocket. All the Tigers had to do was beat Kansas, one of the few teams in the Big Eight not tied for first place. But the Tigers, who numbered Southern Cal, Ohio State and Nebraska among their victims, had their pocket picked. Ever since Quarterback Nolan Cromwell was injured halfway through the season, Kansas has had difficulty scoring. Missouri changed all that, playing as if it would be embarrassed to score, while Jayhawk sophomore Quarterback Mark Vicendese ran 23 times for 111 yards and Halfback Laverne Smith zipped and darted for 150 in 20 carries. That left Smith with a career total of 3,192 yards rushing, the third highest in Big Eight history. Mike Butler, a 6' 5", 265-pound defensive tackle, was mainly responsible for containing the Missouri offense. Offense? Missouri was as bottled up as 12-year-old whiskey during the first three periods, after which the Tigers trailed 34-0. When that 85th game in the oldest series west of the Mississippi was over, the Jayhawks had a 41-14 win.

Oklahoma State earned a share of its first Big Eight title by stopping Iowa State 42-21. Five Cyclone turnovers made it easy for the Cowboys, who converted three of them into touchdowns. Quarterback Charlie Weatherbie came off the bench after Harold Bailey was hurt in the opening period, and on his first play started right end for seven yards and a touchdown. Weatherbie later passed for another TD and ran for a third. Halfback Terry Miller had another big day, galloping for 199 yards in 25 tries, including touchdown runs of 33 and 42 yards. The latter came on a fake punt. Shortback Bruce Blankenship taking the snap and then handing the ball between his legs to Miller, who made it to the end zone untouched. Tailback Dexter Green gained 154 yards for the Cyclones. Although a loser, Coach Earle Bruce still had things to smile about: a surprising 8-3 season and a three-year extension on his contract.

Colorado also earned a share of the league championship, its first since 1961, by outlasting Kansas State 35-28. On paper, the game should have been a breeze for the Buffaloes, as State had lost nine of 10 games. But Colorado knew enough to be wary, recalling its 17-14 loss to the Wildcats in 1973 and a 33-19 shocker in 1974. There were three lead changes and two ties before the Buffaloes sealed the victory when, with 49 seconds left, Safety Mike L. Davis intercepted a pass deep in Colorado territory. Tailback Tony Reed romped for 140 yards in 36 carries as the Buffaloes gained 217 yards on the ground. State junior Linebacker Gary Sparr did his best to halt the Buffaloes, taking part in 24 tackles. An Orange Bowl berth will be settled by this week's Oklahoma-Nebraska game. If Nebraska wins, it will take on Ohio State in Miami; if the Cornhuskers lose, Colorado will go to

the Orange Bowl. But if Nebraska does lose, it can still play in the Bluebonnet Bowl. Oklahoma will meet Wyoming in the Fiesta Bowl.

After stopping Miami 40-27, Notre Dame accepted a Gator Bowl offer. The Irish zipped to a 30-0 lead as Rusty Lusch, filling in for injured Quarterback Rick Slager, ran for two touchdowns and passed for another. But the Hurricanes roared right back with the help of a 93-yard scoring jaunt by reserve Wingback Tim Morgan on a kickoff return. Miami wound up with minus six yards on the ground, but gained 246 through the air. Halfback Al Hunter ran for 128 yards to break Notre Dame's all-time season rushing mark, his 943 yards surpassing the 927 by Marbury Schwartz in 1980. Knute Rockne's last year as coach.

While Michigan slugged Ohio State, Indiana stunned Purdue 20-14 in another traditional Big Ten game. Mike Hartrader, a 5' 7", 185-pound Hoosier tailback, became the fourth freshman in NCAA history to gain 1,000 yards rushing. But shortly after passing that milestone he was injured. Replacing him was Derrick Burnett, who broke loose on a 14-yard scoring run that made Indiana a winner. With fourth and one on the Michigan State 40, Iowa went into punt formation—and then pulled off virtually a duplicate of Oklahoma State's trickery. The ball was snapped to Shortman Tom Grine, who slipped it between the legs of Fullback Jon Lazar. While most of the Spartans chased Grine to the right, Lazar tucked the ball on his hip and sprinted left down the sideline for a touchdown as the Hawkeyes breezed 30-17. Fullback Lawrence Canada broke loose for 153 yards, Tailback Ira Matthews for 99 and Vince Lania looked four field goals as Wisconsin topped Minnesota 26-17. Three touchdown passes by Kurt Siegel propelled Illinois to a 48-6 conquest of Northwestern.

Steve Schultz kicked four field goals, one from 47 yards out, as Cincinnati bopped Vanderbilt 33-7.

Ball State, in its second season in the league, looked up the Mid-American title by drubbing Eastern Michigan 52-3. Quarterback Art Yaroch threw three touchdown passes, two of them to Flanker Mike Andrews, and Tailback Earl Taylor scored three touchdowns. Kent State stopped Toledo 35-19. Tailback Jerome Persell accounted for 26 points and 162 yards as Western Michigan toppled Central Michigan 42-14. Miami of Ohio beat Dayton 28-8 and Ohio University battered Northern Illinois 63-15.

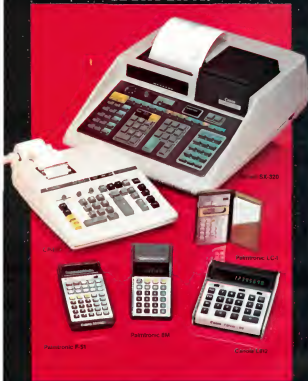
One of the best comebacks of the season was pulled off by Southern Illinois, which was 1-9-1 a year ago. Tailback Andre Herrera scored four touchdowns and raised his season's rushing yardage to 1,588 with a 158-yard effort as the Salukis whipped Marshall 44-16. That gave SIU a 7-4 record.

1. MICHIGAN (10-1)

2. OHIO ST. (8-2-1) 3. NEB. (7-2-0)

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

**SOUTHWEST** Houston's Cougars, the new kids on the block, have made themselves right at home. Their 27-19 jolting of previously unbeaten Texas Tech moved them a giant step closer to a berth in the Cotton Bowl in their first season as members of the Southwest Conference. Houston built a 24-5 halftime advantage. Quarterback Danny Davis passing for a pair of touchdowns and Fullback Dryal Thomas plunging in to cap an 81-yard drive. And Tackle Wilson Whitley led a defense that limited the Red Raiders to just 50 yards in total offense during the first two periods. Tech's attack did not click until late in the fourth quarter. With Houston leading 27-5 and only 6:45 left in the game, Defensive End Richard Arledge picked off a Davis pass and went seven yards for a Tech touchdown that made the score 27-11. Quarterback Rodney Allison, who completed 20 of 31 passes for 327 yards, then took only 58 seconds to drive the Red Raiders 93 yards in five plays. Allison concluded that march with a 16-yard scoring toss to Tailback Billy Taylor, and passed to Split End Sammy Williams for a two-point conversion that cut the deficit to 27-19. There was still 3:26 left, and Tech had a chance to gain a tie when it recovered a Houston fumble on the Tech 24. Hitting on a succession of rapid-fire passes, good for 11, 34 and 27 yards, Allison brought Tech to the Houston nine. But, with 1:25 to go, Safety Elvis Bradley intercepted an Allison pass at the Cougars' two to end the threat. If Houston defeats Rice this week, it will go to the Cotton Bowl. Should the Cougars lose, and should the Red Raiders take their final two games against Arkansas and Baylor, Tech goes to the Cotton Bowl. Whatever happens, Tech is assured of being in a postseason game, having already accepted an offer from the Bluebonnet Bowl.

Baylor, which has defeated Texas only twice in the last 19 years, throttled the Longhorns 20-10 and limited them to 14 yards in 37 rushes, their lowest total in the 83 years they've been playing football. Texas freshman Halfback Johnny (Lam) Jones, who had averaged 6.5 yards per carry going into the game, picked up just one yard in 10 attempts. Baylor Quarterback Mark Jackson ran for 76 yards and one touchdown and passed for another score.

Arkansas' hopes of going to the Tangerine Bowl were dashed when Southern Methodist pulled off a 35-31 upset. SMU thus avoided setting a school record for consecutive losses by stopping its streak at seven. Mustang Quarterback Ricky Wesson tossed four seven-yard touchdown passes, three of them to Slotback Emanuel Tolbert, the other to Tight End Elton Garrett. Tailback Art Whittington set up one SMU score by returning a kickoff 92 yards. The Razorbacks committed 10 penalties, three blunting Arkansas drives, another three keeping SMU

marches going. The only consolation for Arkansas was that sophomore Running Back Ben Cowins rushed for 147 yards to go past 1,000 for the season.

Texas A&M was the most convincing winner in the SWC, dominating winless Texas Christian 59-10. The Aggies, losers of two of their first five games, have now won five in a row, piling up 207 points in so doing. Their resurgence earned them an invitation to the Sun Bowl. For the Horned Frogs, it was their 30th setback in their last 31 games.

#### 1. HOUSTON (7-2)

#### 2. TEXAS TECH (8-1) 3. TEXAS A&M (8-2)

**WEST** Two of the biggest guns in the West—Gifford Nielsen of Brigham Young and Dave Ziebart of Air Force—were on target again. Nielsen hit on 24 of 35 passes for 415 yards and three touchdowns as the Cougars whipped Utah 34-12 and earned a tie for first place in the Western Athletic Conference with Wyoming. That performance gave Nielsen a total of 3,192 yards passing for the season, only the seventh time an NCAA player has topped 3,000 yards.

Ziebart, a freshman, threw 26 passes, completed 19 for 339 yards and three touchdowns and directed the Falcons to a 41-21 upset over Wyoming. One of Ziebart's passes was an 89-yarder to Split End Paul Williams, the longest pass play in Air Force football history. The Falcons did not strike only through the air, however. Freshman Fullback David Thomas scored the Air Force's other three touchdowns on runs.

Fullback Mike Williams brought his season rushing total to 1,073 yards as he lugged the ball 28 times for 126 yards during a 21-15 victory by New Mexico over Arizona. A 17-yard touchdown run by Williams in the fourth quarter put the Lobos in front for keeps.

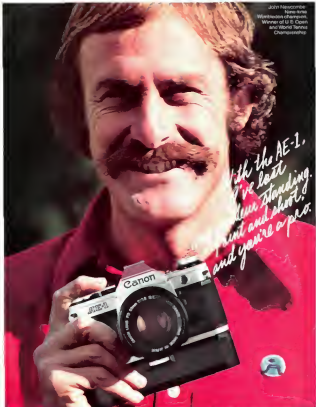
While USC and UCLA battled for a Rose Bowl berth (page 26), Washington was a less meaningful Pac-8 game. Three Huskies each accounted for a pair of touchdowns—Quarterback Warren Moon on passes, Tailback Ron Rowland (196 yards) and Fullback Robert Earl (122 yards) on runs—during a 51-32 victory over Washington State. Their heroics overcame the passing of State's Jack Thompson, 24 of 42 for 311 yards and five touchdowns. Oregon and Stanford, though, had to struggle right down to the closing moments before they won. The Ducks knocked off Oregon State 23-14. Quarterback Jack Henderson accounting for his third touchdown of the day by plunging a yard into the end zone with 2:35 remaining. A 27-24 Stanford triumph over California was not assured until Defensive End Duncan McColi recovered a fumble on the Bears' two that set up a scoring bolt by Ron Inge with 1:31 left.

#### 1. USC (8-1)

#### 2. UCLA (9-1-1) 3. WYOMING (8-3)

continued

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## COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

**EAST** Boston College quickly locked up its seventh win, but it took West Virginia and Holy Cross longer—the Mountaineers nearly frittering away a big lead in the closing minutes, and the Crusaders going down to the final seconds before being assured of victory. After taking the opening kickoff, B.C. marched 80 yards for a touchdown and went on to grind out a 35-0 decision over Massachusetts. West Virginia broke a 14-14 halftime deadlock with a 17-point spurge in the third period, then had to hold on as Syracuse scored two touchdowns late in the fourth quarter. In the end, the Mountaineers prevailed 34-28, thanks in part to a pair of Dan Kendra-to-Save Lewis touchdown passes and Tailback Duane Woods' 177 yards rushing. Holy Cross scored 41 points, but Connecticut kept coming back, often on long scoring runs as 82-yard kickoff return by Split End Rich Hedgepeth and gallops of 77 and 67 yards by Halfback Nick Gnuquatto, who rushed for 277 yards in all. With 36 seconds to go, Hedgepeth hauled in a two-yard scoring pass from Bernie Palmer to cut the Holy Cross lead to 41-40. Connecticut then went for a two-point conversion, but Safety Bill Campbell baited down a pass to preserve the win for the Crusaders.

Villanova won its fifth straight, downing Temple 24-7 as Quarterback Dick Bedevian ran for a pair of touchdowns and passed for another.

Pittsburgh and Penn State had the week off as they prepared for their showdown this Friday. Still, both made news, the Panthers by accepting a bid to meet Georgia in the Sugar Bowl, and the Nittany Lions by signing up to face Notre Dame in the Gator Bowl.

1. PITTSBURGH (10-0)

2. RUTGERS (10-0) 3. PENN STATE (7-3)

**SOUTH** An increasing number of COME HOME, JOHNNY bumper stickers were popping up around Knoxville before the Kentucky-Tennessee game. And the Volunteers' 7-0 loss to the Wildcats merely spurred on those who want to have Coach Bill Battle replaced by former Tennessee All-America Johnny Majors, who has made Pittsburgh the No. 1 team in the nation. The Wildcat score came late in the first quarter on a 62-yard pass from Quarterback Derrick Ramsey to Halfback Greg Woods, but they also missed a nine-yard field goal try and had a drive stopped two inches from the end zone. It was Kentucky's first win over the Vols in 11 years. After the game, exhausted Kentucky Coach Fran Curci took off his shoes and did his weekly postgame radio show. As soon as he was off the air he learned his team had been invited to the Peach Bowl, its first chance to go bowling in 25 years.

Also coming up with a Southeastern Conference win was Mississippi State, which

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knocked off Mississippi 28-11. Two touch-down passes by Quarterback Bruce Threadgill and three field goals by Kinney Jordan enabled State to finish with a 9-2 record, its best in 36 years. But the Bulldogs won't go to a bowl—the school is on NCAA probation.

Florida accepted a Sun Bowl bid after thrashing Rice 50-22. Owl Quarterback Tommy Kramer, playing as usual in a losing cause, hit on 29 of 47 passes for 327 yards and one touchdown. Alabama, idle last week, agreed to take on UCLA in the Liberty Bowl. LSU held Tulane to minus 11 yards in the first half and went on to a 17-7 victory.

Maryland became the first Atlantic Coast Conference team to go undefeated in 21 years, stopping Virginia 28-0. That shutout, the third in a row for the Terps, was topped off by an invitation to the Cotton Bowl against the Southwest Conference champion, the first major bowl appearance by an ACC squad in 15 years.

Bowl-bound, too, was North Carolina, which held off Duke 39-38 to conclude its season with a 9-2 record. The Blue Devils had gone ahead 38-11 with only 2:53 left when sophomore Quarterback Mike Dums scored his fourth touchdown of the day on a nine-yard run. But with 37 seconds showing

on the clock, North Carolina's freshman fullback, Billy Johnson, caught an eight-yard touchdown pass. That made it 38-37, Duke.

#### PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

**DEFENSE:** Sophomore Gary Johnson, a 6'5", 252-pound guard, made 13 solo tackles, helped out on three others, caused a fumble and four times threw Longhorn runners for losses in Baylor's 20-10 upset of Texas.

**OFFENSE:** Senior Running Back Rob Lytle, coming through when it mattered most, carried the ball 29 times for 165 yards and one touchdown as Michigan earned a trip to the Rose Bowl in its 22-0 defeat of Ohio State.

The Tar Heels went for a two-point conversion and got it. Tailback Mike Vought rambling into the end zone after taking a pitch-out. Vought also scored four touchdowns and gained 261 yards in 47 carries. That left Vought with a career total of 3,971 yards, the fifth-best mark in the NCAA books.

Fullback Tracy Perry and Quarterback Steve Fuller each ran for a pair of touchdowns to highlight the upset at Clemson un-

perished independent South Carolina 28-9.

Quarterback Jimmy Jordan and Wide Receiver Kurt Unglaub combined on a 96-yard pass play as Florida State upended Virginia Tech 28-21. Also going a far piece was Flanker Larry Stokes, who took a kickoff 93 yards for a touchdown to help Tennessee Chattanooga down Bowling Green 49-29. Southern Mississippi shocked Memphis State 14-12. Tailback Chuck Clancy throwing for one touchdown and bulldozing his way four yards for another.

There was a big game at Williams High School in Burlington, N.C. That's where Elon won the South Atlantic Conference title, wrapped up an 11-0 season and earned a berth in the NAIA playoffs by walloping Carson-Newman 49-25. Williams High, five miles from the Elon campus, has long been the home of the Fighting Christians, who have no football field of their own. Leading the assault was Running Back Howard Ferguson, who gained 207 yards in 36 carries and scored two touchdowns. His running mate, Alex McMillan, added three touchdowns and 141 yards in 25 carries.

1. MARYLAND (11-0)

2. GEORGIA (9-1) 3. MISS. STATE (9-2)

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# Welcome to His World

*Perhaps you can figure out Al McGuire of Marquette, a basketball coach who is credit-card-wise, likes to skip the French pastry and get down to the numbers*

**by Frank Deford**





CONTINUED

In Al McGuire's office at Marquette, images of sad clowns abound. Pictures, all over the place, of sad clowns. Everybody must ask him about them. McGuire is touted to be a con, so the sad clowns have got to be a setup. Right away, commit yourself to those sad clowns, you're coming down his street. Hey, buddy, why do you have a banana in your ear? Because I couldn't find a carrot. Zap, like that. And yet, how strange an affection: sad clowns. Obviously, they must mean something. It cannot be the sadness, though. Of all the things this fascinating man is—and clown is one—he is not sad.

Another thing he is street smart. McGuire has grown up and left the pavement for the boardrooms, so now when he spots this quality in others, he calls it "credit-card-wise." One time in a nightclub, when the band played *Unchained Melody*, all the 40-year-olds in the place suddenly got up and packed the floor, cheek to cheek. Nostalgia ran rampant. Right away, Al said, "Summer song. This was a summer song when it came out. Always more memories with summer songs."

Perfect. He got it. Right on the button. Of course, this is a small thing. A completely insignificant thing. But the point is, he got it just right. And this is a gift. It is McGuire's seminal gift, for all his success flows from it. The best ballplayers see things on the court. McGuire lacked this ability as an athlete, but he owns it in life. Most people play defense in life, others "taken it" (as Al says), but there are few scorers, and even fewer playmakers, guys who see things about to open up and can take advantage. McGuire is one of life's playmakers. He perceives. He should be locked in a bicentennial time capsule so that generations yet unborn will understand what this time was really like. There will be all the computers and radar ovens and Instamatics, and McGuire will pop out from among them in 2176 and say, "If the waitress has dirty ankles, the chili will be good." And, "Every obnoxious fan has a wife home who dominates him." And, "If a guy takes off his wristwatch before he fights, he means business." And, "Blacks will have arrived only when we start seeing black receptionists who aren't good looking."

Words tumble from his mouth. He's a lyrical Marshall McLuhan. Often as not, thoughts are bracketed by the name of the person he is addressing, giving a sense of urgency to even mundane observations. "Tommy, you're going to make the turn here, Tommy." "Howie, how many of these go out, Howie?" And likewise, suddenly, late at night, apropos of nothing, unprompted, spoken in some awe and much gratitude: "Frank, what a great life I've had, Frank."

This starts to get us back to the sad clowns. The key to understanding McGuire is to appreciate his unqualified love of life, of what's going on around him, e.e. cummings: "I was marvelously lucky to touch and seize a rising and striving world; a reckless world, filled with the curiosity of life itself: a vivid and violent world welcoming every challenge: a world hating and adoring and fighting and forgiving; in brief, a world which was a world." Al McGuire: "Welcome to my world." With him everything is naturally vivid and nearly everything is naturally contradictory, the way it must be in crowded, excited worlds.

So with the clowns. It is not the sad-

*If you ask him why he has all those sad clowns on his office walls McGuire might zap you with something like: "There were too many to fit on the ceiling."*





ness that matters, or even the clownishness. It is the sad clown, a contradiction. By definition, can there be such a thing as a sad clown? Or a wise coach? "Sports is a coffee break," McGuire says. And Eugene McCarthy once observed, "Coaching is like politics. You have to be smart enough to know how to do it, but dumb enough to think it is important."

Now, if all of the foregoing has tumbled and twisted and gone in fits and starts, that's what it is like being around Al McGuire. His business, making money (it includes coaching as a necessary evil), comes ordered and neat, hermetic—to use his word, *calculated*—but everything else veers off in different directions, at changing speeds, ricocheting. Actually, all of that is calculated, too, only we cannot always fathom to what purpose. For example, later on here McGuire is going to expound at length on how he is not only sick of coaching but how he no longer applies himself to the task, and how Marquette could be virtually unbearable if he just worked harder. Now, these remarks were made thoughtfully and have been repeated and embellished on other occasions. Obviously, they are going to come back to haunt him. Other recruiters are going to repeat them to prospects. If Marquette loses a couple of games back-to-back, the press and the alumni and the students and even those warm and wonderful fans who don't have shrews for wives are going to throw this admission back in his face. And he knows this, knew it when he spoke. So maybe you can figure out why he said what he did. Probably it has something to do with tar babies. Somehow he figures that other people who slug it out with him in his world are going to get stuck.

People are dazzled by McGuire, by his colorful language and by the colorful things he does—riding motorcycles at his age, which is 48, or going off on solitary trips to the four corners of the globe. That stuff is all out front, hanging out there with the clown pictures, so people seize upon it and dwell on this "character." They miss the man. First off, he is a clever entrepreneur, a promoter, a shrewd businessman, an active executive of a large sports equipment company (vice-president of Medalist Industries). This interests him much more than the baskets. "And I have an advantage," he

says, "because people have a false impression from reading about me. They expect one thing and suddenly find themselves dealing with a very calculating person. I scare them. I want to skip the French pastry and get right down to the numbers."

The fans and the press think of McGuire as the berserk hothead who drew two technicals in an NCAA championship game, or the uncommonly handsome, dapper sharpie, pacing, spitting, playing to the crowd, cursing his players, themselves attired in modcap uniforms resembling the chorus line in *The Wiz*. The fans and the press overlook the fact that McGuire's Marquette teams have made the NCAA or the NIT 10 years in a row, averaging 25 wins a season the last nine, and they got there by concentrating on defense, ice-picking out victories by a few points a game. As a coach, you can't much control an offense: *They just weren't going in for us tonight*. A defense is a constant, seldom fluctuating, always commanding. Just because people see Al McGuire's body on the bench, they assume that is he, carrying on. You want to see Al McGuire, look out on the court, look at the way his team plays, calculating. McGuire will play gin rummy against anybody; he won't play the horses or a wheel in Vegas; he won't play the house. You play him, his game, his world. "People say it's all an act, and maybe it is," he says. "Not all of it—but I don't know myself anymore whether I'm acting. Not anymore. I don't know. I just know it pleases me."

The motorcycle, for example, gets involved here. McGuire adores motorcycling. Most mornings at home in Milwaukee, he rises at seven and tools around for a couple of hours on his Kawasaki. Before the regionals in Louisiana last year, he rented a bike and went to a leper hospital. So the motorcycle business is for real. Also, it is French pastry. Let us look at McGuire vis-à-vis more important things: for example, cars and women.

Now, most coaches adore automobiles and have no rapport with women. That is not to say that they don't like sex, it is to say that they tolerate women because women provide sex. But they don't enjoy the company of women. They don't like them around. This is what upsets them about women's athletics, not the

money it's going to take from men's sports. Just that they're going to be around. On the other hand, American coaches are nuts about cars. Cars count. The most important thing to coaches is to get a courtesy car to drive around town in. This is the sign of being a successful coach. Almost any American coach will sign for \$10,000 less if you give him the use of a \$6,500 car.

Naturally, being one of the most famous and successful basketball coaches in the land, Al McGuire has a courtesy car. It is a Thunderbird. He gets a fresh one every two years. But, unlike other coaches, he has no relationship with his car. It doesn't mean anything to him. Last February, after a whole winter of driving the thing, 3,200 miles worth, he still didn't have any idea how to turn on the heat. He had to be shown. And while he can whip around on his motorcycle, he is nearly incompetent as an automobile driver. While driving, he can become oblivious to the fact that he is driving. Sometimes he hunches over the wheel, sort of embracing it, and lets the car carry him and his country music along. Other times he takes both hands off the wheel to properly gesticulate. As a rule, he stops at all stop signs, including those that face down the other road of an intersection. This leads to some confusion in the cars behind the courtesy Thunderbird. Or sometimes, when a topic especially involves him, the car will sort of drift to a halt as he is talking. Just kind of peter out by the side of the road.

But as he does not fraternize with cars, so is he the rare coach who enjoys and appreciates women. This is not telling tales out of school. This has nothing to do with his marriage, which is going on 27 years. This has to do with women generically. "I get along with women better than I do with men," Al says, simply enough. Whenever he talks to a woman he knows, he takes her hands gently in his and confides in her. But understand, the consummate calculator doesn't flash those green eyes just to be friendly. There are many ways to be credit-card-wise. "I've always believed that if you get women involved in anything, it will be a success," McGuire says. "Frank, most men in America are dominated by women, Frank."

He is not. He and Pat McGuire share a marriage that is not unlike the way he coaches. They do not crowd one another

continued



*At practice: McGuire chats with Butch Lee (left) and Bo Ellis, his designated star of the season*

er. In the 26 years he has been married, he has never used a house key. When he comes home, Pat must let him in. When it is late, which it often is, she is inclined to say, "Where have you been?" He replies, "Pat, were there any calls for me, Pat?" When Marquette is on the road, McGuire never sits in the game bus waiting for it to leave. He waits in a bar for the manager to come in and tell him everyone is aboard. Then, if someone was late, he doesn't know. "A lot of coaching is what you choose not to do, not to see," McGuire says. "That is hypocritical, of course, but it is also true."

This, however, is not to suggest that Pat McGuire puts up with him completely. Like her husband, she is not crazy about all kinds of surprises. This leads to the Al McGuire First Rule of Marriage: when you have something unsettling to tell your wife, advise her thereof just before you go into the bathroom. Thus, when Al decides to take off for Greece or the Yukon or any place where "I can get away from credit cards and free tickets," he announces the trip to Pat as he walks down the hall. "Yes?" she answers. "I'm going to Greece tomorrow for two weeks," he calls out. "What?" she says, afraid she has heard him correctly again. She has. Then he repeats the message and

closes the bathroom door. Thus has worked, more or less, for 26 years. Is it at all surprising that his unorthodoxy has succeeded so well at Marquette for a mere 12?

Now that you are more than somewhat confused, let us go back to his beginning. Al McGuire is influenced by his family and his heritage. He was born on Sept. 7, 1928 in the Bronx but grew up in the Rockaway Beach section of Queens, where his family ran a workman's bar. It was a club, a phone, a bank, they cashed paychecks. There were 56 saloons in seven blocks, meaning all the McGuires had a lot of competition, but bi they were in the right business for that particular constituency. Al was named for Al Smith, then running as the first major Catholic presidential candidate. Al Smith was the quintessential New Yorker. He was fervently opposed to Prohibition, he wore a derby hat and said such strange words as "raddio," for what brought us Amos 'n' Andy. The namesake McGuire, removed from New York for two decades now, first in North Carolina, then in Milwaukee, still honors the other Al by talking Noo Yawkese. The *rs* in the middle of many words evaporate. Thus, the fowuds play in the conner, from whence they participate in

patturns. And there is the occasional aw-reddy and youse and den (for then), and the missing prepositions so reminiscent of that disappearing subway culture: down Miami, graduated high school.

McGuire also claims to have enriched the language. It was his interest in the stock market, he says, that brought the term "blue chip" into sports ("But I wasn't famous enough at the time to get credit for it"). Likewise, "uptick," for when a stock/team advances. Gambling, a familiar pursuit of his father's, an illness for his legendary older brother John, provided "the minus pool" (for losers), "a push" (a standoff) and "numbers," the word McGuire invariably uses for dollars. "What are the numbers?" is a common McGuire expression. Then, from the old sod, there are the adages: "Never undress until you die" (Always save something, or, "Squirrel some nuts away"), "Congratulate the temporary" (Live for the moment, or, "Go barefoot in the wet grass"). He has recently developed an interest in antiques, which he hunts down on his motorcycle forays, and promises us new terms from antiquing soon.

But it is his imagery, original and borrowed, that is the most vivid McGuire. Seashells and balloons: happiness, victory. Yellow ribbons and medals: success in recruiting. Memos and pipes: academia. Hot bread and gay waiters: guaranteed, a top restaurant. A straw hat in a blizzard: what some people, like the NCAA, will provide you with. Even a whale comes up for a blow sometimes: advice to players who can't get their minds off women. Hot lunch for orphans, a giveaway, some sort of PR venture, French pastry: anything showy or extraneous, such as small talk or white players. Keepers: good-looking broads (you don't throw them back). Closers: people who get by the French pastry and complete a deal, e.g., yours truly, Al McGuire. Guys who charge up the hill into a machine gun most X-and-O coaches; see also "Brooks Brothers types" and "First Communion guys." Welcome to my world: come uptown with me.

Moreover, McGuire has begun more and more to turn nouns into verbs. Thus, to "rumor it out" is what a smart executive does when he keeps his ear to the ground. And "Guys like Chones and Meminger magnet kids for us." Or: "You've got to break up cliques or you'll

*continued*

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find players husband-and-wife it out on the court." Or: "If you haven't broken your nose in basketball, you haven't really played. You've just tokened it."

It is the custom at Marquette to let teammates fight, to encourage fights, for that matter, until the day the season opens. McGuire lets them go a minute. One day he stood there, biting his lip for the required time while an older player beat his son Allie, a pretty fair guard, all to hell. This policy is calculated to let frustrations out, draw the team together. Calculated. For he has no stomach for it. McGuire has seen all he would ever want of fighting.

It was an old Irish thing. His father, John Sr., delighted in it. What more could a man want than to sip a beer and watch his boys mix it up? If not large for a basketball player—6' 3"—McGuire was a big kid in a saloon, and he worked behind the bar from an early age. It was the bartender's job to break up fights. If you hired a bouncer, the trouble was he was liable to start fights himself; otherwise, he couldn't justify his job. So, fight started, the barkeep had to come over the bar. Feet first. Always come feet first. Or, if the action was slow, a slow Tuesday or whatnot, old John McGuire might drum up a fight for one of his own boys, and they would "go outside" to settle things.

Al McGuire played ball the same way. His older brother Dick, now a Knick scout, was the consummate Noo Yawk player for St. John's and the Knicks—a slick ball handler and passer. Al was what he himself calls a dance-hall player. He was good enough to star as a college player. At St. John's, but as a pro could only hang on as an enforcer for three seasons with the Knicks. Once he grabbed Sad Borgen, the famous official, in what was described by horrified observers as "a boa constrictor grip." Counting two technicals, he got eight fouls in less than a quarter in one game. He boasted that he could "stop" Bob Cousy in his heyday, which he could, after a fashion, halting the action by fouling Cousy or the guy who set picks for him. It was McGuire's big month that first sold out the Boston Garden for the Celtics. They paid to see the brash Irishman try to stop their Celtic. In the off-season McGuire would go back to Rockaway, tend bar and go outside when his father asked for such diversification.

"We all thought it was so romantic,"

he says, "so exciting, but, Frank, looking back, it wasn't." Frank? Not long ago McGuire was in a joint in Greenwich Village. A few tables over, there was an argument. The guy took off his watch. It took six, seven guys to subdue him. McGuire turned to the businessman he was with. "He'll be back," he said. He had seen it so many times. Sure enough, in a little while the guy was back, and there was another mess. The next morning, at breakfast, McGuire began thinking about the previous night's incident, and just like that, he threw up. "Maybe it was the orange juice," he says, "but I don't think so. It was what that fight made me remember. It scared me. I don't want those memories."

One time, when he was about 24 or 25, his father got him to go outside with a guy. "I was handling him, but I couldn't put him away," McGuire says, "and I knew I couldn't get away with this." He was very relieved when the cops came and broke it up. Al went back into the bar and told his father, "Dad, that's it, Dad. I'm never gonna go outside again." And he never did. His father sulked for a month or more. It was not long after that that Al decided all of a sudden he could be very successful in life at large.

But money, or the lack of it, has influenced Al McGuire more than taking guys outside. Some people who grew up in the Depression are that way. The McGuires had food on the table; they weren't on the dole. Still, money was a concern. Of the sons, John, now 52, was considered the clever one. And he was, except for the gambling. He has adapted well; he runs a gay bar now. Dick, 50, was considered the bright one. At an early age he could do *The New York Times* crossword. Al, the youngest, was dismissed as a glib scuffer. Everybody, himself included, figured he would become an Irish cop, an FBI man if he got lucky. He was scheduled to take an FBI physical one day but played golf instead. He thought he had blown a great chance in life and, remorseful, on his way home he stopped his car on the Cross Bay Bridge, got out and chucked his clubs, the cart, the whole business in the water. It was a little while later, when he was an assistant coach at Dartmouth, that he decided he could be a success, he could make money.

You see, even when nobody figured Al for anything, the family let him han-

dle the books. The kid was at home with the numbers. And then one day at Dartmouth, where it snowed a lot, he was alone, and had time to think, and he figured out he had more talent with the numbers than with the baskets. "Since then I've never had any trouble making money," he says. "All I have to do is sit down and think. I believe I can do anything in that area."

Since then, while he has coached every year, while it is his profession, coaching has never been the ultimate. As a consequence, he is not vulnerable there. McGuire often says (indeed, he doth protest too much), "I've never blown a whistle, looked at a film, worked at a blackboard or organized a practice in my life." Which is true, and which drives other coaches up the wall. But McGuire, the anti-coach, regularly discusses land mortgages, Medalist shoulder-pod marketing and his theories on the short-range future of municipal bonds. Intellectually, temperamentally, what is the difference between a fascination with a high-post backdoor and a short-term bond yield?

And yet, McGuire is only hung up on the numbers in the abstract. The numbers: it is a euphemism, like the Victorians using "limbs" for legs. Real money doesn't mean anything to him. He carries it all scrunched up in his pocket: bills, credit cards, notes, gum wrappers, identification cards, all loose together. He takes out the whole mess and plops it on the counter. "Take what you want," he says. A credit card? Two dollars and 63 cents for breakfast? My driver's license? Take whatever you want. The Depression baby just wants to know that the money in the bank is solid and permanent. Never undress until you die.

"I must be the highest-paid coach in the country," he says. "I wanted it. I thought it would be a goose for basketball. I don't mean just what I get from Marquette. I mean all the numbers. If anybody put all the numbers together it would amaze people. But understand: it hasn't changed me. I've always lived the same. My friends are still hit-and-run types. I eat the same as ever, drink the same, clown around the same. My wife still wears Treasure Island dresses."

He is not friendly with many coaches. Hank Raymonds has been beside him on the bench all 12 years at Marquette and has never had a meal at the McGuires'.

*continued*

Raymonds and young Rack Majerus do the Xs and Os, the trench work. McGuire believes in "complementary" coaches, as he does in complementary players, units that support each other's efforts, not duplicate them. "I can drink enough cocktails for the whole staff," McGuire says. "I don't need another me."

His assistants (McGuire, out of respect and guilt, has taken to calling them "co-coaches") understand his soft-shoe. One asks Majerus: What is it above all about McGuire? We are so used to hearing about the originality, the insouciance, the motorcycle flake, the ability to get along with black players—what is it really with McGuire? "The one main thing," Majerus answers, "is this insecurity Al has about money. Still, I guess he'll always be that way."

There was a group with McGuire a couple of winters ago after a road game. As always, he wouldn't countenance any talk about basketball, but soon enough he brought up the subject of the numbers. Typically, it was the woman in the gathering that he turned to, confided in. Speaking softly, as he does on these occasions, he told her he thought he had things worked out O.K. for his three kids, for Pat. They were going to have enough. For a Depression baby this made him feel good, he said. But what if he accumulated more money, the woman asked him, what would you do with that?

McGuire was not prepared for the question. He thought for a moment. "A park," he said then. "With what's left, I'd like to see them build a park for poor people."

To most everybody in the business, McGuire is a nagging aberration. Listening to him lecture 500 coaches at a Medialist clinic, Chuck Daly of Penn whispers, "If the rest of us operated his way, we'd be out of business." That is the conventional wisdom. But before he said that, Daly made another observation: "Al's logic is on a different level, above everybody else's." And that is the conventional wisdom, too. So wait a minute. If McGuire was 25 a year and he has the logic, he obviously has the right way. That is logical. Nonetheless, he remains the only coach who waits in the bar, and he stays frustrated that coaches have such low esteem and little security.

"Coaches are so scared," he says. "Ev-

ery day, practice starts: gimme three lines, gimme three lines. You come out and say gimme two lines, everybody will look at you like you just split the atom. Me, whether it's business or coaching, I'm so pleased when I look like a fool. When I don't do foolish things, make foolish new suggestions, I'm not doing my job. I'm just another shiny-pants bookkeeper."

"The trouble with coaching, the prevailing image, is that coaching is like what you had in high school, because that is the last place where most people were involved with coaching. But coaching college is not pizza parties and getting the team together down at the A&W stand. People can't understand my players screaming back at me, but it's healthy. Also, I notice that the screaming always comes when we're 15, 20 ahead. When it's tied, then they're all listening very carefully to what I have to say."

Many adult coaches demand unquestioning loyalty from 20-year-old kids. As McGuire points out, some of the most successful coaches even refuse to accept kids with different philosophies, conflicting egos. "Dealing with problems, with differences—that is what coaching is," he says. "Running patterns is not coaching." He does not believe that character can be "built" with haircuts and Marine routines and by coaches so insecure that their players can never challenge them.

Off the court, McGuire sees his players only when they come to him in distress. He would be suspicious of any college kid who wanted to be buddy-buddy with a middle-aged man, and vice versa. "I don't pamper," he says. "These guys are celebrities in their own sphere of influence—top shelf, top liquor. Everybody around them touches them with clammy hands. That's the only word: clammy. Well, they don't get that from me." Often, he doesn't even bother to learn their names. For much of last season the starting center, Jerome Whitehead, was called Chapman. Sometimes McGuire has stood up to scream at a player and then had to sink back down because he couldn't remember the kid's name.

"Look, if you're into coaching heavy, into the blackboard, if you're gonna charge up the hill into the machine guns, then you might as well stay at St. Ann's in the fifth grade," he says. "Because coaching up here is something else

You're gonna have to deal with the fifth column, the memos and pipes. And you're gonna get fired. The trouble is, every coach thinks he has the new wrinkle and is gonna last forever. Coaching is a mistress, is what it is. If a job opened up in Alaska tomorrow, 250 guys from Florida would apply, and they wouldn't even ask about the numbers, and they wouldn't ask their wife, either, like they wouldn't about any mistress."

"But to the players you ain't a love affair. You're just a passing fancy to them. It's pitiful, too, because about every coach who leaves makes better numbers on the outside."

Everyone assumes McGuire gets along with his players—especially the inner-city blacks—because of his unique personality. It counts, to be sure; every charmer is an overlay. But look past the French pastry and his calculation surfaces again—just as he promises. No con works unless the coned party figures he is the one really getting the edge. McGuire settles for a push. "They get and I get," he says. While the players don't get an uncle-coach, they get, as McGuire calls it, "a post-recruiter." He virtually forces them to get a diploma (even Jim Chones, who quit as a junior to sign with the Nets, is taking summer courses toward his degree), and he hustles them up the richest pro contracts or good jobs in business. It is surely not just a coincidence that McGuire has thrived during the years when the big-money pro war was on. He has been a cash coach in a cash-and-carry era. On one occasion the Marquette provost had to personally intercede to stop McGuire from pressuring the sports PR man about withholding unfavorable statistics that might harm a player's pro chances.

Shamelessly, McGuire promotes his seniors, a ploy that keeps a kid hustling, playing defense, giving up the ball for his first three seasons, so he will get the ball and the shots (and maybe then the big numbers) his final year. Already, in anticipation of this season, McGuire has begun to protest that Butch Lee, a junior guard, got too much publicity as the star of the Puerto Rico Olympic team. Bo Ellis, a senior, is scheduled to get the ink this time around.

The McGuire Arrangement is, basically, us-against-them—"The only two things blacks have ever dominated are

*continued*

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*Johnnie Parsons and Paula Murphy*

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basketball and poverty"—and it works because he tends bar for everybody. Nobody ever fussed with McGuire more than last year's ball handler, Lloyd Walton. "Sit down!" he would scream at his coach all through games. Says Walton, "He figures your problems are his problems. Hey, I've had a black coach in summer ball, but I never had the rapport with him I had with Al."

When McGuire learned one November night back in 1968 that revolutionaries on campus were pressuring the black players to quit because they were being "exploited," he met with the players in a motel room sometime after 2 a.m. He didn't go long on philosophy. He told them he would support their decision if they left, and gave up their scholarships, but he also reminded them that there were more where they came from—maybe not so good, but they weren't Marquette basketball. He was.

Then he faced down the radicals. The smooth-talking theorists he screamed at. The tough guys he ridiculed. He suggested to an idealistic white coed that she should take one of the black players home to her suburb for Thanksgiving. To a priest, he snarled, "Don't come after these kids from the Jesuit house. You never bought a pound of butter in your life, and you're asking them to be Kamikaze pilots." By 4:30 a.m., when Pat came to the doorbell to let him in, the revolution was dead.

The relationship between Marquette and McGuire is a curious one and, it seems, a push. Marquette is one of the few Catholic schools left—Notre Dame, St. John's and the U. of San Francisco are others—that compete, year after year, with the huge state institutions. For that matter, Marquette is the only private school of any stripe that is always right there at the top. The Warriors not only sell out for the season, they do it head to head, in the same building, against the Milwaukee Bucks, which until recently have been a first-class pro team.

Never mind the ratings: basketball pays a lot of bills at Marquette. It retired the oppressive old football debt. And McGuire must be reckoned with; for several years now he has been athletic director as well as coach. Of course, there are certain Marquette elements leery of the image of the school being filtered through the McGuire prism.

What the nation sees of Marquette University is a self-proclaimed hustler, ranting and raving at the Establishment, running a team of ghetto blacks dressed in wild uniforms. What is this, some kind of desperado vocational school? In fact, Marquette is a relatively subdued place. Jesuit, stocked for the most part by white middle-class Midwestern Catholics who end up as schoolteachers. Typically, McGuire—who sent all three of his children there—guarantees that it must be good academically or it couldn't get by charging such high tuition numbers.

While the coach and the school do share the same religion, McGuire does not get faith confused with the paltans or the players who execute them. Has only public concession to Catholicism, such as it is, is his pregame exhortation, which went like this last season, all in one breath. "All-right-let's-show-them-we're-the-No.-2-team-in-the-country-and-beat-the-bleep-out-of-them-Queen-of-Victory-pray-for-us."

Mostly the Jesuit fathers confine themselves to second-guessing the coach's substitutions rather than the morality of his antics. Says Father William Kelly, an associate professor of theology, "Al does use a few cultural expressions that some might find flippant—'Hail Mary shot,' that sort of thing—but he is not sacrilegious in the traditional faith context. He has just found congeniality in colloquialism. In fact, in terms of his ideals and his faith, he is very much a man of the Church. He is really a very conservative Catholic, if not necessarily a very good one. But Al is loyal and deep in his faith. He is competitive, but when he loses there is no blame. And he always points toward other, more important things."

Ay, there's the rub. The man has never really relished coaching, and with each succeeding season has cared for it less. When the call came, out of the blue, to interview for the Marquette opening ("They were desperate, obviously; otherwise they would have taken a First Communion guy"), he was drifting into real estate and other ventures, coaching with his left hand at little Belmont Abbey College in North Carolina. He went 6-19 and 6-18 his last two years there and was preparing to leave coaching altogether.

He appears to be approaching that es-

tate again. In many ways, as he is the first to admit, Marquette basketball survives on his reputation and the hard work of Raymonds and Majerus. McGuire deigns to make only one recruiting visit a year ("The kids know more about me now than I know about them, but even though I don't work at it, I'm the best recruiter in the world"), and, invariably—11 years out of 13—he gets his ace with his one-shot road show. He is often late for practice, sometimes he doesn't even know where the team is practicing. He gets older and smarter, but for a coach time stands still. The kids are always 19 going on 20, and most coaches and fans are one-track zombies, the Germans have the best word for them: *Fachidioten*—specialty idiots. McGuire would rather talk about how his new uniforms will televise than about his player prospects. When he gets to the Arena floor, the first thing he checks are the four most distant corner seats—the worst ones in the house. If they are sold, he figures he has done it again. Then, only then, does he come to life as a coach. For two hours.

"I hate everything about this job except the games," McGuire says. "Everything. I don't even get affected anymore by the winning, by the ratings, those things. The trouble is, it will sound like an excuse because we've never won the national championship, but winning just isn't all that important to me. I don't know why exactly. Maybe it's the fear, the fear of then having to repeat. You win once, then they expect you to win again."

"Wait'll you see what happens to Bobby Knight now that he's won. On the other hand, I found out when I got those two technicals in the NCAA finals that people sympathized with me for making an ass out of myself. I get 35 million people looking at me, I can't help it, I immediately become an ass. People relate to that."

"But, Frank, I'm not doing the job anymore, Frank. I never liked coaching, but at least I should be available more. I should be more courteous to my staff. I should have a more orderly process with the university. Maybe it's the reputation. You take the clinics we do for Medallist. They're almost a success, but now, just when they're getting to be that, I don't

continued



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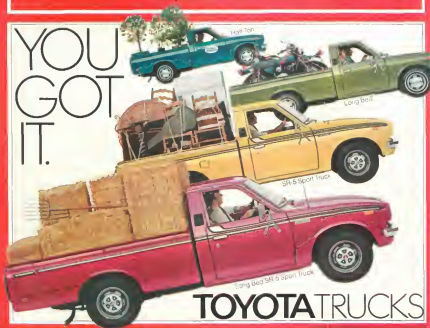
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have no thrill anymore. I wonder about myself. Can I be a success in anything permanently? Anything permanent?

"I figure I'm wrong 80% of the time, but it takes too much time to be right. I won't pay that price with my life. I'm jealous of guys like Dean Smith, Bobby Knight. I'm jealous of their dedication. I wish I had it. I admire the way their teams are dressed, the way their kids handle themselves. At the regionals last year one of our kids came down to lunch bare-foot. But I just don't like coaching that much to put the time in on a thing like that. It's not my world. I run my team the only way I can run it and still keep my life.

"I'm ready to get out. It's just the numbers. So many of my numbers depend on me coaching. I'm scared to get out. Fear there, too. So maybe it's time I concentrated on coaching just for one year. It's been long enough. I haven't concentrated. Frank, we could have a destructive machine if I worked at it. A destructive machine, Frank."

Is he acting now? It certainly doesn't seem so. The green eyes are neither twinkling nor blazing theatrically, the way they do when they signal routines. By happenstance, McGuire has been momentarily distracted. He came to an out-of-town place under the impression it was a greasy-spoon Mexican joint, but it has turned out, instead, to be a fancy-Dan supper club. With floor show. With table linen, yet. McGuire, in his sneakers and sport shirt, wasn't figuring on this—and place, setting the stage, is very important to him.

He wants to recruit around the kitchen table. Depression babies are kitchen guys, not parlor people. When a player comes to talk to him, get him out of the office, out of Marquette; get him down into some back-alley saloon. Welcome to my world. Visitors are escorted to an oil-cloth-covered dining-room table in the back of a rundown Mexican bodega for a home-cooked meal. Or he just walks with people. Nobody anymore walks alone and talks except for Al McGuire. Right away, the other guy is off stride, in the man's pool. You know what it must come from? From the going outside to fight guys. The meanness is out of it, but it's the same principle, same game. O.K., let's you and me go outside. Let's go in here. Let's drive out to this lake I know

*continued*

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## His World...continued

Let's go to this guy's apartment. Let's go to this little Chinese place. Let's take a walk.

Everybody makes such a to-do about Al McGuire's exotic travels. Big deal: New Zealand. What is that? Anybody can go to New Zealand. That is the diversion, his escape, the smoke screen. Look at his world. That is the truly exotic one. How could a guy so Noo Yawk fit in so well in Milwaukee, or in Carolina before that? It's easy. Wherever McGuire is, he constructs a whole universe out of selected bars and restaurants, places to walk, acquaintances, teddy bears and zanies, places to drive, back rooms and penthouses, motorcycles and country-music jukeboxes. Tall guys with broken noses are also a part of this community. There is a cast and there are sets—everything but a zip code.

Nobody else is permitted to see it all. He tells his secretaries when he hires them: two years. After two years, no matter how good you are—especially if you're good—out. *It's 3 a.m., where have you been? Pat, any calls for me, Pat?* The only person who lives in Al McGuireland is Al McGuire. Cynics and the jealous take a look at the characters who pass through and they check out his con and whisper that he is really an ice-cold man who surrounds himself with bootlickers and sycophants. But that is not true. On the contrary. Sure, they all play up to McGuire—remember now, charmers are an overlay—but he has a need for them, too. Not just the players and the coaches, but all the people and places in Al McGuireland are complementary. Like his players, all retain their individuality and integrity. That's the whole point, otherwise they're no good to him. Lloyd Walton screaming back is the Lloyd Walton that McGuire wants, in the same way that sometimes he selects a fleabag hotel precisely because he wants a fleabag hotel.

The one permanent thing is the numbers. They are distant and bland, to be sure, but they provide permanency. The other things—the people and the places and the basketball games—are vivid and dear, but they consume too much of him to be sustained. And critics say it is all an act. McGuire wonders himself. But, no, he is not acting. He is directing all the time. Al, you're a director, Al. You're always running patterns.

END

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

## THE ABA'S DAY ON COURT

Sir:  
The NBA may have the most exciting league in the history of sports, but you've made it even better by allowing Curry Kirkpatrick to tell us about it (*They Came to Play*, Nov. 15). He can certainly turn a phrase. In fact, his account registered a heavy 9.2 on the Curry Kirkpatrick WOW scale.

PHIL FLUBER  
Sports Editor  
*Democrat and Chronicle*  
Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:  
The NBAers, like the members of the National Football League in the 1960s, are quickly learning that their newest acquisitions can beat them at their own game.

PETER D. KIRLES  
Indianapolis

Sir:  
Your great picture of David Thompson proved it. He and the Denver Nuggets are head and shoulders above the rest.

JIM RAMSEY  
Watertown, Conn.

Sir:  
Somewhere I got the impression from the article that you feel the ABA teams acquired in the merger gave the NBA an added touch of class. The facts don't quite bear this out.

When I read my morning paper on Nov. 12, I noticed that the Denver Nuggets had lost a game to Buffalo. Of the 10 teams other than Denver that had won at least half the games they had played, not one had come from the ABA. The New York Nets were in last place in the Atlantic Division, San Antonio was in last place in the Central Division; Denver was in first place and Indiana in fourth place in the Midwest Division. I realize that it is not easy to draw any conclusions, but I don't think the old NBA clubs were all that bad.

HARRY B. MERICAN  
Washington, D.C.

Sir:  
How can Curry Kirkpatrick term Don Chaney a "former ABA" player? That's like calling Larry Conka a former WFL player.

F. JULES LUND JR.  
San Antonio

Sir:  
Curry Kirkpatrick called the Spirits of St. Louis a last-place team. The Virginia Squires finished last both years the Spirits existed, and the Squires have even more former players in the NBA than the Spirits: Julius Erving, Charlie Scott, George Gervin, Swen Nater, Mike Green, Mack Calvin, Jan Van

Breda Kolff, Ticky Burden, Mel Bennett, Dorrell Elston, Willie Wise, Roland (Fatty) Taylor, Dave Twardink, Marv Roberts and Johnny Neumann.

JON BENNETT  
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Sir:  
A year ago I was the broadcaster for the Utah Stars. Curry Kirkpatrick mentioned that eight members of the Spirits of St. Louis are now playing in the NBA. I think it's interesting that no less than five members of last year's Utah team are now in the league: Ron Boone of Kansas City, Moses Malone and Goo Kennedy of Houston, Steve Green of Indiana and Randy Denon of Atlanta. For that matter, both Utah coaches (Tom Nissalke and Del Harris) are now working for Houston. Add Willie Wise of Denver, who played several years in Utah, and the total is six. It shows how balanced the ABA was and that a team like Utah, which went out of business early in the 1975-76 season, might have been competitive in the NBA.

JACK BRIGGS  
Sports Director  
Radio Station WELI  
New Haven, Conn.

## INFAMY OR FAME?

Sir:  
The jinx strikes again? First Julius Erving was traded, then Dave Cowens decided to quit. Your pro basketball preview cover (Oct. 25) was lethal.

TOM ODIKARIAN  
Brookline, Mass.

Sir:  
So much for the infamous SI cover jinx. The weekend after you put Tony Dorsett on your cover, Michigan lost to Purdue, permitting the Pitt Panthers to become No. 1.

LAWRENCE C. REFFNER  
Pittsburgh

## SPOILERMAKERS

Sir:  
I must congratulate Larry Keith on his article *Michigan Chokes on a Spoilermaker* (Nov. 15). Choke is the only word for it. Given a disgracefully easy schedule, the Wolverines should have been undefeated at least until they went to Columbus. It is sometimes hard to believe that teams can be voted No. 1 with such soft schedules.

STEVE BERNAY  
Seabrook, Texas

Sir:  
It is heartening to see that the Purdue "Spoilermakers" are still kicking.

HOWARD D. DERMAN  
West Lafayette, Ind.

Sir:

A lost fumble. A missed field goal. A mentally down day. An inspired, go-for-broke Purdue team. And Michigan comes up short, 16-14. So what happens? The polls no longer rate the best team in the country No. 1. Instead, Michigan is dropped to No. 4. I hope the polls will someday rate teams by their seasons, not by their weak moments. I am one Spoilermaker fan who votes for Michigan.

WILLIAM J. CALDWELL  
West Lafayette, Ind.

## HOPE FOR FLORIDA

Sir:  
Thank you for your honest and sincere account of the Florida-Georgia game (*Florida Gets a Slice, Georgia the Loaf*, Nov. 15). It is awfully tempting to blow Florida's inability to win the big game out of proportion. Being a UF alum, I have had occasion lately to question my loyalty. It seems as though Florida always has a good team, but just not good enough.

On the other hand, Florida had never beaten Auburn in Auburn until three years ago, but now the Gators have defeated the Tigers four years in a row. Maybe there is hope for Florida yet.

JOSEPH LECONTE  
Richmond

## THE JONES BOY

Sir:  
Thanks to Robert F. Jones for a super article on Bert Jones (*Seeing His Sights on the Super Bowl*, Nov. 15). The Colts have proved that their 1975 season was no fluke.

KEN O'DONNELL  
Auburn, N.J.

Sir:  
There was Johnny Unitas and now there is Bert Jones, the two greatest quarterbacks ever to play football. How lucky can those Baltimore Colt fans be?

AL SEARS  
Lakewood, Colo.

Sir:  
As a newcomer to Monroe, La., I have come to realize that the northern part of the state along Interstate 20 is quarterback country. I refer to Terry Bradshaw of Shreveport, Bert Jones of Ruston and James Harris of Monroe. The leading candidate for NFL Rookie of the Year, Sammie White of the Vikings, also hails from Monroe.

TONY HODGESSAN  
Monroe, La.

## NOMINATIONS (CONT.)

Sir:  
There is only one choice for Spoilsman of the Year: Julius Erving. In the past year

continued





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19TH HOLE continued

he has inspired players, spectators and corporate executives to fits of both ecstasy and despair.

CYNTHIA ROHR  
Southampton, N.Y.

Sir

John Havlicek, who last June helped the Boston Celtics win their 13th NBA championship and who can break the alltime record for games played (1,121) on Nov. 23 in Philadelphia.

GEORGE GIL  
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir

Let's try to remember way back to Super Bowl X and the greatest display of athletic ability ever shown. The MVP award is not enough to give Lynn Swann for what he contributed to that game.

GARY BAILEY  
Moline, Ill.

Sir

Bert Jones.

ROBERT BLEHLER  
New York City

Sir

Frank Tarkenton.

BRIAN SHAW  
Mount Zion, Ill.

Sir

Tony Dorsett.

JEFF STEVENS  
Patton, Pa.

Sir

The Cincinnati Reds.

JOE WILSON  
Philadelphia

Sir

Johnny Bench.

HARRIS JOHNSON  
St. Louis

Sir

Thurman Munson.

ROBERT E. ROBARCK  
North Providence, R.I.

Sir

Mark Fidrych: His statistics even impressed my mom!

GALEN MORTON  
Los Angeles

Sir

Jack Nicklaus.

RON GREYER  
Columbus, Ohio

Sir

Ben Crenshaw and Judy Rankin.

DAVE BLOOMER  
Spartanburg, S.C.

Sir

Gordie Howe, the most durable athlete in the country (if not the world).

KELLY WHITEHEAD  
Toledo

Sir

Brian Borg.

DENNIS DELTZ HENSELEY  
Milwaukee

continued

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Sir:

University of North Carolina Basketball Coach Dean Smith, who brought Olympic gold back to the U.S. Smith is proof that a man does not have to sacrifice sportsmanship and integrity to produce winners.

MARK VAN BRENNER  
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sir:

Nothing has been as exciting as Franz Klammer's sensational downhill.

WILLIAM McKEEVER  
Fort Smith, Ark.

Sir:

Roni Mottiermauer Ober alles.

THOMAS ANTHONY  
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

Niki Latada

ROB RISTENUND  
Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Sir:

James Hunt

STEPHEN LINDBERRY  
RICHARD CAMPBELL  
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

It would be a crying shame not to mention Muhammad Ali.

COOPER FRIEND  
Ellsworth, Maine

Sir:

Smokin' Joe Frazer.

CHRIS WOODGETT  
Lewistown, Pa.

## SLUGGER BENCH

Sir:

Johnny Bench truly deserved the MVP award for his great performance in the World Series. An unheralded fact is that he accomplished something that has been done only nine times before in World Series history: he achieved a slugging average (total bases divided by times at bat) of 1.000 or better. Resurrecting the list to players having at least 10 at bats in a Series, the top sluggers read as follows:

PLAYER	YEAR	BA	SA
Lou Gehrig	1928	.545	1.727 (19-11)
Babe Ruth	1928	.625	1.375 (22-16)
Hank Gowdy	1914	.545	1.273 (14-11)
Charlie Keller	1939	.438	1.188 (19-16)
Johnny Bench	1976	.533	1.133 (17-15)
Lou Gehrig	1932	.529	1.118 (19-17)
John Blanchard	1961	.409	1.100 (11-10)
Donn Clendenon	1969	.357	1.071 (15-14)
Johnny Mize	1952	.400	1.067 (16-15)
Babe Ruth	1923	.348	1.000 (19-19)

Here's hoping that someday Bench will join Ruth and Gehrig with a second appearance on this list.

DONN B. KIRK  
Los Altos, Calif.

## STATISTICS

Sir:

It ranks me that you feel you have come up with something quite clever in determining

continued

## "The best soccer writer in America" explains the world's most popular sport

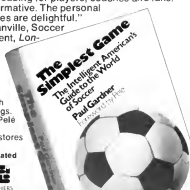
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## 15TH HOLE .....

ng runs produced by combining runs scored with those driven in and then subtracting home runs from this figure (SICORED, Oct. 25). According to your system, when a run is driven in by any means other than a home run, that run is worth two points—one for the scorer and one for the player driving him in—whereas a home run, for some illogical reason, is worth only one point to the person producing it. For example, let us say Joe Morgan gets three singles to drive in Ken Griffey three times in a game. Each player winds up with three runs produced, whereas if Morgan hits three solo home runs in a game, he still receives credit for only three runs produced, even though he has generated the entire offense by himself. If you want to figure runs produced in a reasonable manner, just add the runs scored with those driven in and you'll have a meaningful statistic.

ARCHIE MOTLEY  
Chicago

1

The runs-produced theory does not take into consideration the player's team. For instance, Pete Rose, as great as he is, would not lead the league in runs scored if he led off for the Mets. Would this make him less of a leadoff man? John Mabrey, with his meager batting average and home-run total, would not have knocked in more than 90 runs had not George Brett and Hal McRae been consistently on base. Conversely, a Dave Kingman, playing for the Mets, can hit 37 home runs and not have 100 RBIs, simply because of a lack of men on base. Statistics, as they say, can be misleading, especially in baseball.

Phd. TONTORRA  
Milford, Conn.

## Sum

I found it interesting that of the top 21 run producers you listed, the National Leaguers, without benefit of the designated-hitter rule, clearly had the higher figures. Joe Morgan, with 197 RPs, seems to be in a class by himself, just three short of the 200 mark. By the way, who holds the record in this category?

**JIM RUSKIN**  
Seattle

There are no official records, but take a look at the statistics for 1930, a year in which the entire National League batted .303 (with six of the eight clubs hitting over .300) and the American League average was 288. Al Simmons of the Philadelphia Athletics led 152 runs, 165 RBIs and 36 homers for 281 RPs. Hack Wilson of the Chicago Cubs scored 146 runs, batted in 190 and hit 56 homers for 280. Lou Gehrig chalked up 276 RPs, as did Kiki Cuyler, and Babe Ruth's RP total was 254.—ED

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